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EDITORIAL

Fetters on freedom

UNTIL October 11, any political topic may be discussed in the programmes of the B.B.C. and the new Independent Television Authority. After that date, there will be severe restrictions on such freedom of speech. For October 11 is fourteen days before Parliament reassembles.

On that date a new order comes into force. Dr. Charles Hill, who as Postmaster-General is answerable for all broadcasting, has ordered the B.B.C. and the Independent Television Authority not to deal with political topics less than fourteen days before they are to be debated in the House of Commons.

This is a grave infringement of Britain's freedom of discussion.

DR. HILL himself is not solely responsible for it. Nor is the government of which he is a member. Mr. Attlee, the leader of the Opposition, also spoke in support of the "fourteen-day rule." So did Sir Winston Churchill before he retired from the premiership early this year.

MR. DINGLE FOOT
"The rule is objectionable"

The fears they expressed were that debate on the air might detract from debate in the Commons as the main forum of the nation. There is also an unexpressed dislike, by many M.P.s who do not broadcast, of the widespread publicity given to the views of the few M.P.s who often take part in such broadcasts.

Hitherto the rule has been an elastic "gentlemen's agreement" between the B.B.C. and the political parties, which was bad in principle but not too bad in practice. Now that it has become an official order, it is bad in every way. It limits the right, not only of M.P.s but of everybody else, to say what they like on matters of public concern.

MR. DINGLE FOOT, a former M.P. and himself a broadcaster, opposed the introduction of commercial television. But, now that it exists, he speaks out against this limitation of its freedom.

"The freedom of the press," he says, "is not a privilege of newspapers alone. It belongs to the public, which is entitled to a supply of uncensored news and comments. In precisely the same way the public is entitled to unfettered discussion over the radio and TV. The fourteen-day rule is just as objectionable as would be any attempted censorship of the press."

The rule is not only undemocratic; it may become absurd. A Commons debate may be arranged at a few minutes' notice and take place after a spirited discussion has already been heard on the air the night before.

Politicians should stop trying, in this clumsy and suspect manner, to treat the British public like children whose topics of discussion must be disciplined.

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FREE SPEECH

Britain is too small for big ambitions

I AM an American touring over here, and the thing that amazes me most about the English is their colossal conceit.

The men in the pub I visited the other night were tearing your soccer players to pieces because "the rest of Europe" tanned their hides.

Nobody paused to consider the huge cheek of a nation of 50 million people challenging a continent of 533 million—and taking victory more or less for granted. Hence the bitter disappointment in the pub when the gamble failed.

Coming from a country of 150 million people not addicted to self-effacement I can admire the self-confidence of Englishmen—up to a point. But I think you would tackle your problems in a more realistic way if you realized how much sheer size and numbers count in the modern world. —C. T. J., Canterbury.

Hard Truth

I HAVE moved to a "hard water" area and find that my family and I have clearer complexions, softer hands and whiter teeth. Is hard water better for the health than soft?—MRS. I. BARBER, Romford, Essex.

"Fluorides in water are good for the teeth," says a doctor. "But they have nothing to do with water hardness which has no effect whatever on health."

Still In Use

IN "Guess What?" (JOHN BULL, July 30), Glyn Daniel describes the quill pen cutter as "about four inches long and made of bone and stainless steel." Surely stainless steel was first manufactured long after the quill pen cutter was in vogue.—F. PRICE, Halifax, Yorkshire.

Glyn Daniel says: "I did not mean to imply that this was an antique. Quill pens are still used today, and quill cutters have been manufactured since the invention of stainless steel."

Windblown Sins

YOUR interesting series *Lost Frontier* reminded me of a custom in some Himalayan villages, where many of the huts have a bamboo pole sticking out of the roof. When a person dies a list of his sins is written on cloth and attached to the family pole. When the wind and the rain obliterate the incriminating list, the dead man's sins are wiped out and his spirit is free to go to its rest.

I wonder how we would like to have our "sins" fluttering in the garden.—G. E. LINTON, Sandy, Bedfordshire.

Holiday Sense

ENGLISH holidaymakers who insist on spending the summer in the Mediterranean miss parts of the lovely English summers and, like the rest of us, spend miserable winters at home.

It puzzles me why people who can afford to go abroad don't search for the sun in the winter. By doing so they would ease the summer demands on car ferries, benefit the English seasonal trade, and boost their winter health.—A. T., Stoke-on-Trent.

Dear Deer

NOW that parts of Exmoor come under the National Trust, I would have thought that the deer roaming the moors would receive care and attention, instead of the treatment meted out to them by the Devon and Somerset Stag Hounds.

At a recent meeting of this hunt it was reported that sixty-eight deer were killed last season—which was "a very poor one."

In fact the cruel hunting of these animals, which don't stand a ghost of a chance when set upon by a pack of hounds, should be banned.—G. BARTON, Exford, Minehead, Somerset.

About eight thousand acres of Exmoor—but none of the Exmoor forest—is owned by the National Trust. One estate was given to the Trust on the understanding that hunting could continue as long as it continues elsewhere.

Golden Asses

AFTER reading "The Result Is A Tie" (JOHN BULL, August 6), I wondered why the writer failed to refer to the emblem of the Solicitors' Articled Clerks' Society. The insignia on our maroon ties is a golden ass—shades of Charles Dickens—every bit as noteworthy as the "ten yellow cuckoos."—P. J., Oxted, Surrey.

Water Speed

I CANNOT agree with Geoff Colyer (JOHN BULL, July 30) that oiling the hull of a canoe will not give more speed. The oil and wax will help to stop the water from clinging to the canoe, allowing it to plane more easily.

As an aeromodeller I have built some float planes, and one of my problems was to reduce water suction. I found that waxing the floats helped a great deal. — T. E. MCCOY, Cheetham, Manchester, 8.

"At relatively low speeds any device to reduce water friction is of value," says an expert. "At higher speeds displacement is all-important. For example, when Donald Campbell's Bluebird was travelling at 215.08 m.p.h. less than four inches of the boat itself was skimming the surface of the water."

MY WIFE MARY-ELLEN

A warm human story by SHEELAGH PARKER

NEXT WEEK IN JOHN BULL

Olives With Whiskers

IN Athens I ate a handful of olives from "Plato's sacred tree," which is said to be 2,341 years old. It has a very large trunk, weather-beaten and dead looking, from which spring three stems covered with healthy branches and green foliage. It carries two varieties of olives which are picked, traditionally, by local people.

A notice near the tree says "twenty-four centuries have respected it." Yet the olives are fresh and succulent.—P. S. PLYTAS, Feltham, Middlesex.

"Seven hundred years is regarded as the maximum age for an olive tree," says a naturalist.

Cars Barred

READER Ryan ("Free Speech," July 30), who says that the lanes are more beautiful on foot, may like to know that not far from Newlands Corner, in Surrey, is a barred road. A sign says: "This is one of the many roads made through my woods by the War Office during the war. It is now closed to all vehicles, so that pedestrians and riders may once again enjoy in safety the beauty of the countryside."

I do not know the owner of the land, but I would like to thank him for one of the loveliest walks I know. —MRS. S. MICKELS, Barpham, Guildford, Surrey.

German Papa

MENTION of "Oh Mein Papa" (JOHN BULL, July 30) reminds me of hearing a German band playing the haunting melody in Regent's Park, London, about sixty years ago. I am sure it comes from a German or Austrian opera.—E. K., Chadwell Heath, Essex.

"So far as we know," say the English publishers of the song, "it was written by a Swiss-German, Paul Burkhard, certainly less than sixty years ago. After lying unused for several years it was included in Burkhard's operetta 'Fireworks,' first performed since the war."

Kitchen Economy

"TIME And Motion" principles (JOHN BULL Editorial, July 23) have been applied by my daughter to our small kitchen. First my husband cut panels in the kitchen and pantry doors, fixing frosted glass to admit more light. We put a table, which had been near the sink, alongside the cooker. Now I can see the food cooking without leaving the table—which, by the way, is big enough to hold all my cooking utensils, and I avoid trips to the pantry.

Outside the kitchen door I keep a rubbish basket, to save having to walk to the bin. Also I have a large tray attached to the table, which cuts out journeys to the living-room for cutlery.

You don't need to spend a lot of money to save labour in the home. Just a little thought and planning will do.—MRS. WATTERS, Middlesbrough, Yorkshire.

Dazzling Disuse

NEAR Newent, in Gloucestershire, is a disused canal tunnel, about a mile and a quarter long. My friend and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

THE NEW ACME SINGLE CLAMP WRINGER

makes the smallest kitchen big enough for a full wash

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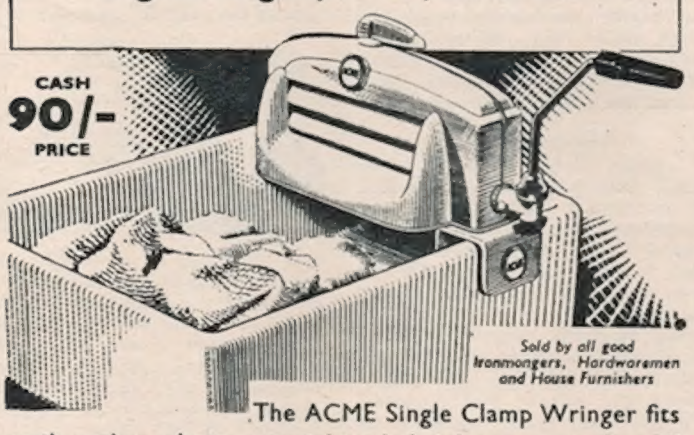

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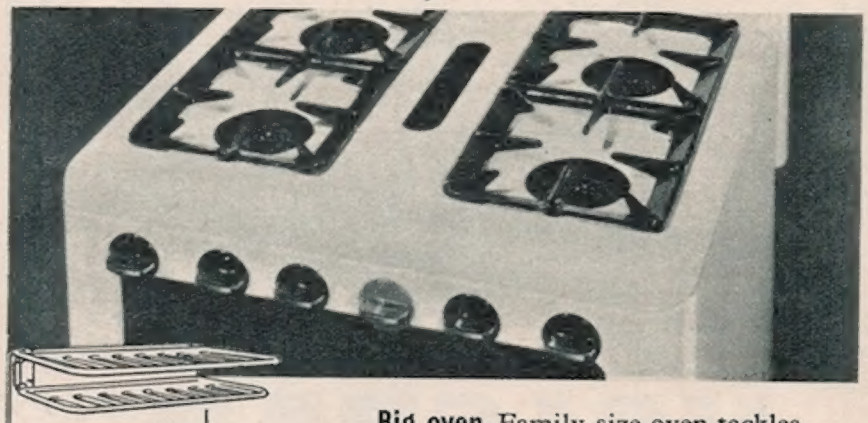

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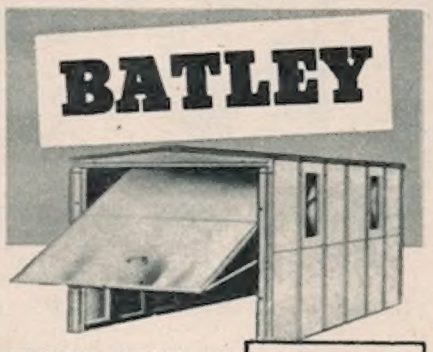

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FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

I made a raft and took turns to punt into the tunnel, where we found calcite formations looking like five-inch curtains with serrated edges. They were dazzling white, unlike the "curtains" in the Forest of Dean iron mines, which are stained red.—P. L. HAYWARD, Gloucester.

The longest canal tunnel in full use is 3,056 yards long, on the Grand Union Canal. Standedge tunnel, near Huddersfield, is five thousand yards long, but has been abandoned.

All's Fair

THE Siena horse race ("Free Speech," July 30) recalls an equally rough traditional "sport" I saw in Florence—the Calcio Florentino football game. But any resemblance to English football ends there, for this game is played on the sanded surface of the main square, and casualties—including stretcher cases—are many.

The linesmen are men-at-arms, who are allowed to interfere with staves whenever the referee is threatened. The object of the game appears to be that the ball shall be kicked or

No holds barred in Florence

thrown anyhow, and the players likewise. The goals are as high as ice-hockey nets and it is possible to score half a goal, when the ball goes over the net. The only foul is when the ball is pinned beneath a heap of players.—J. COLE, Enfield.

Well Remembered

WHEN a friend was married in Switzerland, he and his bride were presented by the mayor with a "marriage book." In it is recorded not only the marriage, but also the Swiss marriage laws. And there is a space for the names of the children, with *their* wedding dates.

Handed down through many generations, the books provide an excellent family record, and remind couples of their marriage vows.—M. E. DEVEREL, Hammersmith, W.14.

Blood Courtesy

MY husband, a regular blood donor with an uncommon blood group, received a card from Leeds Infirmary telling him that his blood was used in a serious operation, and thanking him on behalf of the recipient.

If other hospitals did the same it might help the drive for donors.—O. CLAYDEN, Stockton Lane, York.

"We should like to extend this courtesy," says one of the biggest blood transfusion services, "but to acknowledge 125,000 donations a year would put up clerical and postal costs prohibitively."

Lucrative Circle

READING "Whisky Special" (JOHN BULL, July 30) I recalled my father's experiences as a coast guard in County Donegal when poteen was worked in the hills.

Acting on mysterious information the police would raid the stills and confiscate them. A fine—usually £6—would be paid by the owner, but it

was all done in a friendly and co-operative spirit. A collection would be made—the list going to the squire and the priest, the "polis" and the "waterguard"—and when the still operator had enough money he ordered a new appliance from the tinker, who had laid the original information.—W. V. TRACY, Colchester, Essex.

Hair Hygiene

IT must be unhygienic, and help the spread of skin diseases, for barbers to use the same comb on successive customers without sterilizing it. All hairdressing instruments should be sterilized regularly.—W. D., Potters Bar, Middlesex.

Many local authorities have by-laws on hairdressing hygiene; but some barbers feel that national legislation is needed to curb the minority of unhygienic establishments which give the trade a bad name.

Who Dances?

RESEARCH into the history and traditions of morris dancing goes on. Salisbury Museum, for example, would welcome information about the men who danced with the Salisbury Giant at Queen Victoria's jubilees, and at the Coronations of King Edward VII and King George V.

Not only the Abingdon dancers, but the better-known Headington and Bampton morris teams—as well as men from the Cotswold villages, Lancashire, Cheshire, Derbyshire and Staffordshire—contributed to the repertoires of the morris dance clubs we know today.—K. J. HOLLAND, Feltham, Middlesex.

Sharp Rebuke

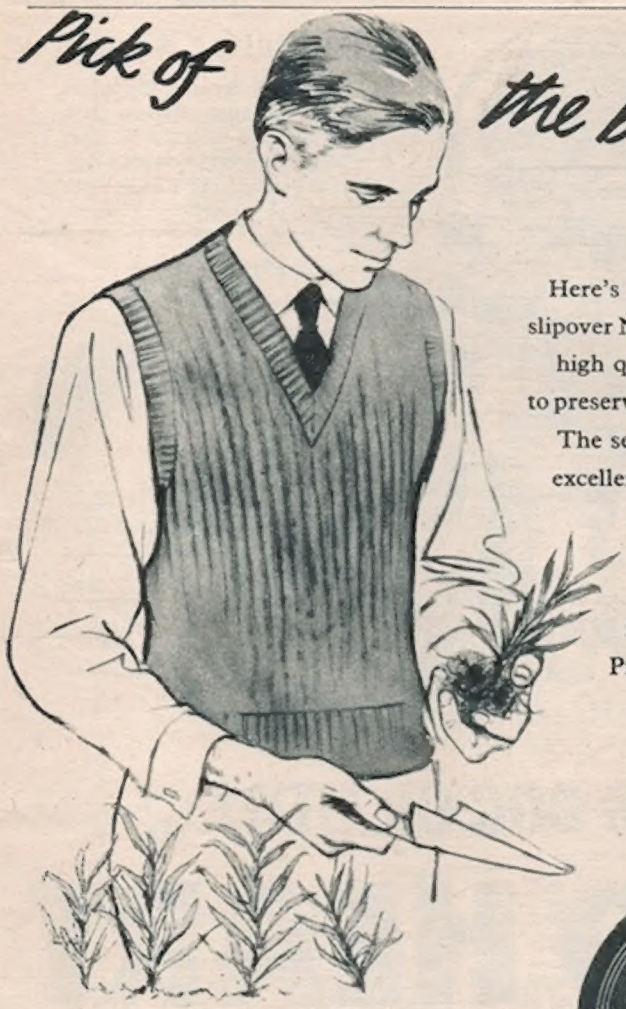
SOME makers of contemporary furniture produce items that menace children, like an occasional table I saw. This had edges like razors and corners sharp enough to blind a child.—MRS. V. BARROWCLOUGH, Didsbury, Manchester, 20.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THIS WEEK'S COVER

IT'S NOT FAIR, of course, to judge a summer by the quality of one fortnight, but that's what most families do. And as the locals in many a seaside town know, statistics don't hold much water when quoted to holiday-makers marooned under a pier. Rain is rain even this year, with the best summer since 1949. Laurent's cover family doesn't want to be awkward, but Father only has one fortnight a year when he can build sand castles and keep his dignity. And the youngsters have already found that in a hotel lounge they just can't turn the sofa into a spaceship. Still, it takes very little sunshine to put the smile back on the cheery face of the seaside.

Pick of the bunch!



Here's a great favourite, Pick slipover No. 99. It is knitted from high quality two-fold yarns to preserve its comfortable shape. The seaming and finish are excellent. It is moth-proofed and you can rely on it for hard wear. Pick No. 99 is one of a wide range of inexpensive Pick garments obtainable from all good outfitters and drapers.

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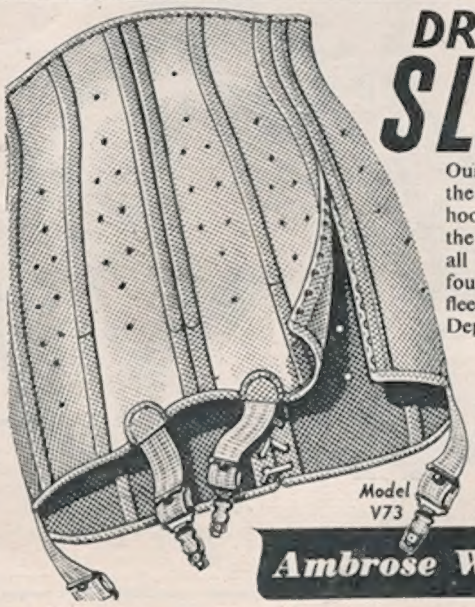

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THE TRIGAMIST

by LESLIE BONNET

No marriage till thirty-five was their rule. Mr. Porter had found it hard to keep

IT WAS IN THE AUTUMN of 1910 that the rescued passengers and crew were landed at Southampton. When the liner berthed, Mr. Clutter was the first to board her. His distinguished aspect gained him deference. The tall silk hat added austerity to the long, bearded face which was ascetic in shape but had an expression that spoke of passions pent. The grave frockcoat, the sober black trousers, the pointed buttoned boots betokened the man of business, city business. The trembling of the umbrella held in his whitened fist betrayed emotion.

Mr. Clutter, breasting the throng of excited folk, sought a steward.

"Tell me," he said, jingling small coins in his waistcoat pocket. "Is there a Mr. Robinson aboard?"

The steward thought for a moment. "Yes, there is, sir." He looked around him. "There you are, sir. That's Mr. Robinson. Do you want me to fetch him?"

"No, no." Mr. Clutter bestowed a coin upon the steward. Then, with caution, he eyed Mr. Robinson narrowly. It is not surprising that

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Gay, redheaded—oh, she was ripping! Ralph stopped, smiled, and bought a packet of ten

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

John Heseltine

in such a large company there should be a Mr. Robinson. But it was unfortunate. Better had there been none—or two.

Mr. Clutter kept this gentleman closely in sight, until, with his luggage about him, Mr. Robinson stood for a moment by the quayside. The returned traveller, now restored after long travail to his native land, looked about him with an uplifted heart. Beside him the gangplank still shook and jolted with the feet of other homecomers. Behind him, now separated by some twenty feet of oily water, lay the ship that had brought him back. In front of him was England, home and beauty. He looked round for a porter or a cab.

Mr. Clutter approached him, biting pale lips. "Have I the honour, sir, of addressing Mr. Robinson?"

"The very same, sir, at your service," replied Mr. Robinson pleasantly.

"You trigamist! You bounder, sir!" shouted Mr. Clutter loudly. He then beat Mr. Robinson's beaver hat off his head with his heavy umbrella and pushed him. Mr. Robinson fell backwards over the dockside.

Mr. Clutter heard the cry and the splash. He did not wait for more. Ostentatiously dusting his hands, he turned on his heel and stalked away.

No one attempted to detain him. Those who saw and heard the incident were crowding the quayside to see if the trigamist could swim.

Mr. Clutter was back in the City of London by nightfall. On the next morning he appeared after his day's leave of absence in his place behind the counter as cashier at the Holborn branch of the North-East Suburban Bank. He spoke to no one of his recent experience, unless a benevolent glance toward a younger colleague, Mr. Porter, was intended to convey any intelligence.

As for Mr. Robinson, he never discovered why he had been called so foul a name or why he had been so badly used. . . .

Mr. Clutter found it strange, very strange indeed. This young man had gone

THE North-East Suburban Bank had a large volume of rules governing the conduct of its staff. This disciplinary code was read by the senior partner to all young gentlemen admitted as clerks into the bank's service. And, lest these solemn injunctions be forgot, the new clerk was then promptly presented with them, bound in blue leather.

One of these rules insisted that every clerk must take two weeks' leave of absence in each year. The partners had discovered from long experience that it was just those clerks who could not bear to leave the care of their ledgers to other hands who were, to use the forceful City phrase, cooking their books. An enforced annual holiday set a term to peculation, kept it within bounds.

Just as important, in the eyes of the partners, as a precaution against temptation to dishonesty, was their advice against early and improvident marriages. Not only were clerks roundly warned against such folly, but it was a rule enforceable by dismissal that no clerk might marry until his annual salary was £150 a year.

The fact that this salary was not normally achieved until a clerk was perhaps thirty-five years of age was galling for the more ardent of the staff. But it undoubtedly gave them ample time to grow out of improvident habits and gave them, too, time to think one or two (and in some cases three or four) times before becoming committed to matrimony.

It was in the spring of 1910 that the ledger clerk, Ralph Porter, at last attained this required scale of salary. He was now entitled to marry. More than that, he had the privilege of applying for the extra week of marriage leave which went with it.

Mr. Porter would possibly not have announced his marriage had it not been for the lure of this extra week. For, to tell the truth, he had been married by this time for some five years.

It is hard to condone the folly of those who launch the boat of matrimony without even the first ha'porth of tar to make it seaworthy. Harder still is it when the offender has been expressly warned against it.

A sad fellow indeed, this Ralph Porter, to have defied advice so weighty. But beyond a natural anxiety that his breach of faith should not be discovered, marriage seemed, on the whole, to give him more comfort than disquiet.

To begin with, he was, though quiet and studious of appearance, cheerful enough in nature. He was short and spare, pale, with a shock of crisp, black hair. His shaven face looked young and serious, but his dark eyes held that laughing glint of ancient wickedness which is always recognized with enthusiasm by the opposite sex.

Such a young man, swaggering, however cheaply, through London evenings, could not very well remain unmarried for long; unless he were a bounder. Ralph Porter was not that.

There was Rose, who sold tobacco and cigars in Cheapside. Of her Ralph, loitering exquisitely, bought his twopenny packet of ten cigarettes. To her he finally declared his love. And married her.

He might have done very much worse. She, too, was petite. Her hair was red and lustrous. Her long skirt of green plaid, lifted so artfully when crossing the muddied road, revealed ankles of perfection.

Naturally, during business hours these features were concealed under the tight counter behind which Rose was immured. All one could see was her startling hair, the plump, clear face and the remarkable figure. Rose had a bust that made one want to pile brooches and jewelled watches upon it.

She became Mrs. Porter in 1905, and made Ralph a good wife. She was merry, affectionate, tidy and industrious. What saved this reckless couple from all of the fates that the Rules for the Conduct of Clerks promised for the improvident was the fact that Mrs. Porter, besides having a prudent business head, had also an uncommon gift for dressmaking. The Porter

off on a honeymoon—and here he was with a wife and three small children

family budget, therefore, though not adding up to much on either the debit or the credit side, usually balanced satisfactorily.

And then in 1910, now being entitled to do so, Mr. Porter announced that he was about to be married. This step, he argued, would bring theory into line with facts, and would also secure him an extra week's holiday.

So in the stuffy office, behind the wire-screened windows, after closing hours, Ralph was presented by his colleagues with a wedding present. It was a heavy black clock, each end supported by a fluted pillar.

Someone had brought in cans of porter and the occasion was a very jolly one. The junior partner came down from his room for a few minutes and gave a humorous speech. Hancock, the messenger, after drying his spreading moustache with an enormous red handkerchief, recited "Toll for the Brave." And, of course, Mr. Maintly, the junior clerk, gave his popular imitation of a one-man-band.

It was a hearty and warming occasion. At the conclusion the dozen members of the staff pressed around Mr. Porter, shouting good wishes and practical advice and slapping his shoulder. Mr. Clutter, the cashier, who in spite of his bleak appearance was a man of deep sentiment, wrung Ralph's hand and wept for joy.

Going home in a cab, for he could not carry the clock unaided, Ralph felt some pangs of conscience, which he stifled. In any case this was no time for repining. It was August. London was sweltering. It was dusty. It smelled. Three whole weeks of relaxation at Yarmouth by the sea beckoned. Ralph slid back the window and shouted to the cabby to hurry.

So then, about a week later, Mr. and Mrs. Porter were taking the air on the front at Yarmouth. She bloomed in the sweet sunshine. Her hat rippled with ribbons that escaped between piles of cherries and other less recognizable ornamental fruits. She wore a long gown of patterned bluish-grey. Her collar, tight to her neck, accentuated the clear pallor of her complexion. All these, and the completeness with which she filled her clothes, gave her the appearance of an exciting parcel.

It cannot be said that Mr. Porter was equally resplendent. Indeed, funds did not permit both to be adorned; and Ralph wisely and willingly placed Mrs. Porter's appearance first.

He was wearing the same long narrow trousers in which he attended to his City duties. He was wearing, too, the same severe, black frockcoat. However, brown shoes, rawly new, and a straw hat with a bright club ribbon around it made it obvious that he was on holiday.

This picture of the honeymoon couple must be completed. Mrs. Porter was pushing a perambulator of solid build in which Elizabeth, their youngest, lay dribbling happily. By Rose's side tottered Edgar, aged three. And swinging on the hand of Ralph Porter was their eldest child, Caroline, already showing signs at four years old of becoming another adorable Rose.

It was a cheering sight.

Ralph, stepping jauntily along, conscious of rectitude, suddenly stopped.

"Great Heavens!" He whispered in agitation. "It's Mr. Clutter."

And it was. Walking towards the happy family, unrecognizable at first in brown knickerbockers, a heavily belted Norfolk jacket of the same stuff, a jaunty hat, was the cashier.

Rose uttered a little scream which in circumstances of no peril would have been irresistible. But Ralph was for the moment beyond action. Hoping fervently to be unrecognized, he stood undecided, biting his lip.

At the last moment Mr. Clutter lifted his eyes. "Ah! Porter, my dear fellow! It is really you? And Mrs. Porter?" His eyes moistened. "And——" he regarded the children. His brown bearded jaw dropped ominously.

Ralph, completely nonplussed, introduced Mr. Clutter to his wife. Mr. Clutter, white-lipped, bowed low.

Rose knew as well as her husband the ambiguity of their situation. But she was the more resourceful. She turned her full, brown eyes upon the cashier. "After hearing so much of you, Mr. Clutter——" she confided. "Ralph is always speaking of you in such terms—to meet you——"

Mr. Clutter suddenly realized that he was still bowing, spellbound. He drew up, his face a little flushed.

Mrs. Porter indicated her children with a merry laugh. "Do you not think, tell me truly now, that Ralph was foolish to marry a widow?"

"A widow!" Mr. Clutter's face cleared at once. So did Mr. Porter's.

"No, I do assure you, ma'am. A most fortunate young man. A most fortunate man indeed! And these are all your children?"

"All mine," admitted Rose with a faint sigh and a pretty shrug.

Mr. Clutter was delighted with her. He poked Ralph playfully with his walking stick. "Lucky young dog!" he said.

"Was your late husband in the City, ma'am?" he asked, anxious to prolong these pleasant moments.

Ralph looked anxious. Tipping back his straw hat, he scratched his thick hair. Rose did not hesitate for a moment.

"No," she said with a look of abstraction. "Mr. Robinson, the late Mr. Robinson, was a traveller. You remember the Agonatic——"

"Heavens! Yes," said Mr. Clutter. "The ship that went down with all hands—near the Leeward Isles. When was it? A year last April?"

"To the very day," said Rose gravely, lowering her pretty head.

The crisis was past.

Mr. Clutter was in Yarmouth at a moment's

Continued on page 46

Was the atom bomb necessary?

by Captain B. H. LIDDELL HART

Japan was on her knees but still fighting back. Stalin had decided to be in at the death. Then came Hiroshima

ON SEPTEMBER 2, 1945, the representatives of Japan signed the "instrument of surrender" on board the United States battleship Missouri in Tokyo Bay. The second World War was thus ended, six years and one day after it had been started by Hitler's attack on Poland—and four months after Germany's surrender.

It was a formal ending, a ceremony, to seal the victors' satisfaction. For the real ending had come on August 14, when the Emperor had announced Japan's surrender on the terms laid down by the allies, and fighting had ceased—a week after the dropping of the first atomic bomb.

But even that frightful stroke, wiping out the city of Hiroshima to demonstrate the overwhelming power of the new weapon, had done no more than slightly hasten the moment of surrender. This surrender was already sure, and there was no strategic need to use such a weapon —under whose dark shadow the world has lived ever since. But in the heat of the struggle that fact was not so apparent as now. It was very natural that the allied leaders' dominant thought should be to grasp such a magic means of ensuring victory without further loss of allied lives.

Sir Winston Churchill, in the last volume of his war memoirs, relates how on July 17, 1945—when he was at the Potsdam Conference with President Truman and Stalin—he was handed a sheet of paper with the cryptic message: "Babies satisfactorily born." Mr. Stimson, the U.S. Secretary of War, explained its meaning: the experimental test of the atomic bomb on the previous day, had proved successful. "The President invited me to confer with him forthwith," wrote Churchill.

Sir Winston's account of the sequel is of such far-reaching significance that the main passage deserves to be quoted at length:

"We seemed suddenly to have become possessed of a merciful abridgement of the slaughter in the East and of a far happier prospect in Europe. I have no doubt that these thoughts were present in the minds of my American friends. At any rate, there never was a moment's discussion as to whether the atomic bomb should be used or not.

"To avert a vast, indefinite butchery, to bring the war to an end, to give peace to the world, to lay healing hands upon its tortured peoples by a manifestation of overwhelming power at the cost of a few explosions seemed, after all our toils and perils, a miracle of deliverance.

"British consent in principle to the use of the weapon had been given on July 4, before the test had taken place. The final decision now lay in the main with President Truman, who had the weapon; but I never doubted what it would be, nor have I ever doubted since that he was right. . . .

"There was unanimous, automatic, unquestioned agreement around our table; nor did I ever hear the slightest suggestion that we should do otherwise."

But later, Sir Winston himself raises a doubt about the case for using the atomic bomb:

"It would be a mistake to suppose that the fate of Japan was settled by the atomic bomb. Her defeat was certain before the first bomb fell, and was brought about by overwhelming maritime power. This alone had made it possible to seize ocean bases from which to launch the final attack and force her metropolitan army to capitulate without striking a blow."

Sir Winston also mentions that at Potsdam, three weeks before the bomb was dropped, he

With two of their cities destroyed by atom bombs, Japan's leaders formally surrendered to General MacArthur (right) on September 2, 1945

was told privately by Stalin of a message from the Japanese Ambassador in Moscow expressing Japan's desire for peace—and adds that in passing on this news to President Truman he suggested that the allies' demand for "unconditional surrender" might be somewhat modified to ease the way for the Japanese to surrender.

But these Japanese peace-seeking approaches had started much earlier, and were already better known to the American authorities than Sir Winston indicates or seems aware. The facts have come to light since the war. The Japanese Government's desire for peace had been known months before.

Just before Christmas, 1944, the U.S. intelligence authorities in Washington received a report from a well-informed diplomatic agent in Japan that a peace party was emerging and gaining ground there. The agent predicted that General Koiso's government—which in July had replaced the government under General Tojo that had led Japan into the war—would soon be succeeded by a peace-seeking government under Admiral Suzuki which would initiate negotiations, with the Emperor's backing. This prediction was fulfilled in April.

Two-pronged Counter Attack

By that time Japan's situation and outlook had become much worse, and she was palpably incapable of checking the Americans' two-pronged Pacific counter-offensive, directed by General MacArthur and Admiral Nimitz. In January, 1945, MacArthur's forces had completed the conquest of Leyte Island, their first foothold in the Philippines, and made another jump forward—on to the main island of Luzon. By the end of February they had regained most of this great island along with the capital, Manila.

More important than the recapture of territory was the wearing down of Japanese air strength—their loss was estimated as more than nine thousand aircraft. It heavily drained the fighter strength available for the defence of Japan, and was the more important because Admiral Nimitz's forces, making another leap forward, had captured the Marianas in the summer of 1944. This jump enabled airfields to be established from which heavy bombers could develop a bombardment of Japan, 1,500 miles beyond.

The Japanese hold on Burma had also been broken—by the converging pressure of the forces, predominantly British, under Admiral Mountbatten's command. Following the repulse of the Japanese invasion of India in 1944, General Slim's Fourteenth Army advanced into central Burma, regaining the city of Mandalay in March, 1945. Then it drove on south, down the Irrawaddy and Sittang rivers, opening the road to Rangoon.

Peace Feelers To Ambassadors

Meanwhile the Americans had made another big leap forward, by-passing Formosa. On April 1 they landed on Okinawa, one of the Ryukyu islands, midway between Formosa and Japan. The shock of that news, coupled with the Russians' ominous notice of terminating their neutrality pact with Japan, precipitated the fall of Koiso's Cabinet on April 5, and Suzuki then became Prime Minister.

But although the heads of the peace party were now predominant in the government, they were at a loss how to proceed. Already, in February, on the Emperor Hirohito's initiative, approaches had been made to Russia begging her "as a neutral" to act as an intermediary in arranging peace between Japan and the allies. These approaches were made first through the Russian Ambassador in Tokyo, and then through the Japanese Ambassador in Moscow. But nothing developed.

The Russians had not passed on any word of the approach.

Three months passed before a hint of it came. This was at the end of May, when Harry

Continued on page 42

The adventures of the man who found a Chinese Shangri-la

Goullart's paradise was cut off from the world by wild, brigand-haunted mountains

FORGOTTEN KINGDOM

PETER GOULLART spent eight carefree years in a remote mountain stronghold that was ruled by women. He bargained with the Liukhi matriarchs, each of whom keeps many husbands . . . befriended the Miao people, who build nests in the trees for their children . . . and braved the hospitality of the deadly Black Lolos, Yunnan's fiercest warriors.

With the lovely young Queen of Lotien, he once spent an afternoon performing traditional dances while his gramophone played boogie-woogie music.

His strange story of secret poisonings, Tibetan caravans and robber monks begins . . .

The author rode hidden caravan trails

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

When Stanley Baxter travelled from Scotland to see Kitty, he found that she had forgotten the appointment and was busy bathing her dog

Kitty shows her engagement ring to Fé, sister of Julian Jover, her fiancé. After *Ray's A Laugh* some radio fans thought Kitty was Ted Ray's wife

Kitty Bluett, scatterbrain

by JOAN POWE

She caught a train a week too soon—and wore a new hat in the bathtub. But her radio programmes go without a hitch

CHEERED ON BY PORTERS one morning last August, an actress named Kitty Bluett sprinted into King's Cross station as the Newcastle upon Tyne express was due to leave, and begged to be let through the barrier. She scrambled into a compartment, but could find no money to tip the porter. As the train drew out one of her suitcases was left on the platform.

At Newcastle, bewailing her bad luck, she went by taxi to a theatre and began telephoning to recover her case. "I open in a variety show tonight. I must have my luggage," she insisted. Halfway through the conversation a theatre programme was thrust into her hand. She saw that nowhere did she appear in the billing.

"Kitty is the original dizzy dame," says George Inns, B.B.C. producer of the Ted Ray shows. "She had arrived in Newcastle a week too early."

In six years since joining the B.B.C., Kitty Bluett, a slight, red-headed Australian of thirty-three, has become one of the highest-paid radio comediennes. Her voice, tried originally as an experiment because of its strong American accent, is heard almost every week by listeners. Her rôle of scatterbrained wife in *Ray's A Laugh* was so successful that for five years thousands of listeners believed she was Mrs. Ted Ray. When Ray refused to buy her a television set in one episode, a Midlands listener sent her a down payment on one. "Buy it, and tell your husband later," he advised.

Returning the money, she told the listener that she was not married. "In that case," the man wrote, "you and Ray should be ashamed of yourselves."

"It was partly to stop listeners confusing Kitty with Ray's real wife that she has been featured in her own series," says her present producer, Alastair Scott Johnstone. In *All My Eye And Kitty Bluett*, a weekly radio series, she stars, with Terry Scott and Stanley Baxter, as a feather-witted hotel proprietress.

Her Whinny Scared A Horse

Three years ago, at a *Ray's A Laugh* rehearsal, producer Inns found that the sound effects record of a milkman's horse, needed to start the episode, had been mislaid. He called for volunteers. Remarking casually that she had learned to call horses in Australia, Kitty obliged with a shrill, arresting whinny that resounded through the studio.

Slightly taken aback, Inns congratulated her and remarked that the imitation was better than the sound effects recording. He decided that it would bring laughs from the studio audience if she repeated it for the broadcast.

"Comics worry about ridiculous things," says her agent, Sunny Zahl. "Kitty's main worry was that the whinny might not sound convincing." As she walked along Weymouth Street, London, one morning, she impulsively decided to put her doubts to the test. A milkman's horse was standing in the road. She whinnied piercingly from a doorway.

Whinnying in reply, the horse bolted, scattering milk bottles from the cart. It took half an hour to calm the horse, and £1 to placate the milkman.

Kitty—she prefers to be called Bluett—has a genius for unpredictable behaviour, say her friends. Once, during an hour's wait for a train at Rugby, she insisted on sweeping the station to fill in time. A non-smoker and non-drinker, she surprises guests at parties by disappearing during the evening to polish the taps or silver. Her nervous energy finds an outlet in housework.

"She is tidy mad," says her sister, Belle Jewel. "Disorder in a room makes her physically ill."

Tried On Baby's Bonnet

At the Weymouth Street flat where she lives with her mother and dog Pixie her preoccupation with housework sometimes interferes with professional engagements. For the first story conference of *All My Eye And Kitty Bluett*, Stanley Baxter travelled from Edinburgh to London to meet her for the first time.

"Everyone was there but Kitty," he says. "As I waited, people kept making excuses. Finally, someone telephoned her. There was a scream of horror over the phone. She had mixed up the dates and was bathing the dog." Baxter returned without meeting her, but later he was introduced informally. "Before an audience Kitty always looks glamorous," he says. "I saw her in a dressing-room. She had her hair set in paper clips, and a coat slung round her shoulders. Sometimes she does not bother to wear make-up at rehearsals. The way she looks never worries her."

A disregard for appearance off stage enables her to indulge a taste for unusual millinery. She has more than a hundred hats. One which George Inns describes as "a feathered busby" cost forty guineas. But she is so incurably forgetful that she has been known to wear a new hat in the bath.

"I like to shop for hats in baby stores," she told a woman friend recently. "You can get cute bonnets and caps for about four shillings."

Once, while shopping with her mother at an exclusive London store, her eye was caught by a white baby's bonnet on a stand. "The assistant appeared before she could try it on," says Mrs. Bluett. "So Kitty made up an elaborate story about shopping for a nephew, and put on the hat." Other assistants gathered round to watch, and one of them asked the age of her nephew. "He's thirty-eight," Kitty told them. "But he has a small head."

A desire to please, according to colleagues, lies behind her more eccentric clowning efforts. "Kitty doesn't mind how dizzy she appears so

Although she has a passion for tidiness, Kitty never worries about her off-stage looks. She lives in a London flat with her mother and her dog

long as she gets a laugh," says Trafford Whitelock, a B.B.C. producer. "She is generous, warm-hearted and completely up in the clouds."

This year, when she heard that the owner of a Southend coffee bar was in financial straits, she offered to travel down between engagements to launch a new publicity scheme. "Somewhere in the arrangements there was a mix-up of dates," recalls Terry Scott, who was appearing at Southend. "When Kitty arrived, dressed for the part, no one had turned up. At the end of quarter of an hour, a little discouraged, she asked for a cup of coffee.

"Finally they sent across the street for one. The coffee machine had broken down."

Born in Brixton while her parents were visiting England, Kitty made her first appearance on the Australian stage at the age of two. Her father and brother are both comedians. Her aunt is a circus bare-back rider, and her uncle a trapeze artist in Sydney. So Kitty followed a theatrical tradition when, in Australia, she trained as a singer and dancer as preparation for becoming the only woman comic in her family. She starred in radio and stage shows, and after visiting Hollywood arrived in London to take part in an Australia Day broadcast. George Inns heard her, auditioned her for the Ted Ray series.

Her sense of timing and flair for improvization make her a radio artist whose broadcasts are free of hitches. Once, when a studio audience anticipated a gag by laughing too soon, she and Ted Ray ad-libbed for several moments.

Vague and unpredictable away from the microphone, she takes her radio reputation seriously and is eager to safeguard her billing.

Arriving at a resort recently for a stage appearance with Australian comedian Bill Kerr she noticed that they were billed as "Kitty Blutt and Bill Kenn" on a station poster. "But that's dreadful," she told Kerr.

"By the time we reached the theatre Kitty was brooding silently," says Kerr. "Finally she vanished until shortly before the performance." He found she had borrowed a paint pot and brush, and toured the streets correcting the spelling on the billboards.

Sometimes her professional eagerness is carried too far. For her first television appearance in January, 1954, she decided to make an unusal impact on viewers by bleaching her shoulder-length hair pale platinum for one of the sketches.

"Her final sketch was in blackface as a minstrel boy, and unfortunately Kitty could not find the black curly wig she should have worn," says Zahl.

"After the sketch she was in tears. She came out on the screen looking like a photographic negative." THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

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164 W/55

Did you MACLEAN your teeth today?

Prodigal son

by JON CLEARY

ILLUSTRATED BY T. S. LA FONTAINE

He was gay and good-looking, but no one would trust him an inch. She had tried to believe that he was honest. What a fool she had been!

"A MILLION ACRES," COLIN PAXIT said, "and what has Dad done with it? We could have one of the best stations in the north-west of Australia. . . . Instead, we've got something that's only a couple of steps removed from a wilderness. I nearly keeled over when I saw the homestead. I'd forgotten how primitive it was. People stopped living like that thirty years ago."

Ruth Newbury said nothing. She turned her horse and followed Colin as he rode down a gully and out on to the plain. Wheat grass grew as tall as their saddles, and their horses nibbled it as they moved along. A purple carpet of pigweed stretched away over a rocky outcrop, and beyond it the lagoon of Big Billabong lay quiet under its blue cloak of hyacinths. The wet season had just finished, and the countryside looked its lush best.

A mob of wild donkeys shied away as they approached and went off into the pindan scrub in a waddle of rumps.

"Look at those," Colin said. "Why hasn't Dad had the stockboys out here to kill those donkeys off? They are only eating up the property."

Ruth wanted to tell him. But why should it be left to her to tell him what was wrong with the place? She looked at him with a mixture of affection and annoyance, and remarked to herself how little he seemed to have changed.

Colin had always that effect on people: you liked him, yet you knew you could never trust him. You could be no more sure of what he was going to do than you could be of the black stockboys on the station. And there was the story that had filtered back from Darwin that he was dishonest, too.

He saw her looking at him, and he grinned. He was good-looking in a dark, almost saturnine way; but when he smiled his face became suddenly and remarkably boyish.

"What's the matter?" he said. "Do I sound like an efficiency expert?"

"You do a little," she said, and returned his smile.

"While I've been away, I've come to realize that only efficiency can put Mount Bulinga back on its feet." He gestured at the vast expanse of plain stretching away to the distant flat-topped mountains. "We've got to modernize things here. Take our cattle out by air, instead of droving them——"

"Your father doesn't like the idea of air-freighting the beef out," Ruth said. "Alec Oliver, from Beef Freight, has been up here several times trying to talk him into it."

"Dad lives in the past," Colin said. "He reckons what was good enough for Grandfather is good enough for him. But it's not good enough for me. We have to drove our cattle three hundred miles to port, and look at the beef they lose on the way. But if we join up with Beef Freight, we have to drove only down to Mount Peregrine, less than fifty miles: they kill them there and the beef is on the ships in Wyndham the same day. I don't know why Dad won't shake himself out of the past."

"I can't explain why I had to go away," said Colin. "I had to move on, see the world." She said: "Are you going to move on again now?"

Ruth didn't answer that. Colin had talked like this before he had gone away, only in those days there had been nothing like Beef Freight. But he had had his dreams, or anyway his talk. Everything he had talked about in those days had been impracticable, and in the end Ian Paxit had told his son to come down to earth. A little while later Colin had left.

As they came over the rise and down to the rich stretch along the river, Ruth could see Colin looking at the homestead with critical eyes. She knew that compared with other station homesteads it was shabby and almost primitive. But she loved it. She had been born here, had never left it and never wanted to leave it.

Ian Paxit was sitting on the veranda in the old rocker. The smoke from his pipe kept the flies away from his face, but they were thick around his legs and arms. He was as tall as Colin, lean and dried out, with a gullied brown face and faded blue eyes.

Colin rode down to the sheds. Ruth dismounted and went up on to the veranda. She sat down in the other rocker that had been Mrs. Paxit's. The two old people had sat here on this veranda for years, and the view from here must have been etched into their memories.

"How is he?" Ian Paxit's voice was soft. Like Ruth he had spent all his life here in the outback and he had never had to raise his voice above the roar of a city. Loud voices didn't belong here.

"He wants to improve the run."

Ruth took off her hat, and her thick dark red hair fell to her shoulders. She was not beautiful in a conventional way, but any man, whether from the bush or the city, would have looked at her twice.

"He's only talking, just like he always did," Ian said. "He'll be tired of the place again in another month. Next time he goes away, we'll never see him again."

Ruth shook her head. "I don't think so. I think he's really come home to settle down."

"I wish it were true."

IAN gazed out over the plain, taking colour now under the lowering sun. Corellas swept along the river bank in a white storm of shrieks, to be followed a moment later by a flock of black cockatoos, like the shadow of a cloud. Kangaroos came bouncing over the plain towards the river for their evening drink. All this had always been part of Ian's life, and he wanted nothing more.

"Colin wasn't meant for the bush," he said. "He hasn't the patience and the stability that a man needs."

Ruth all at once had a dogged faith in Colin. She knew she was arguing against reason and against the past, but she said: "I think you should give him his chance to make something of Mount Bulinga."

Ian Paxit looked at her through the smoke from his pipe. "You think I haven't made anything of it?"

She wasn't his daughter and she owned not even a square yard of Mount Bulinga. But her father had been head stockman here, and she had been born here. Her mother had died bearing her, and old Mrs. Paxit had reared her. When her father had been killed in a stampede when she was eleven, Ian Paxit had taken his place. She owned none of Mount Bulinga, but it was her home as much as the Paxits'.

"You haven't done what you should have with it," she said. "And since Colin went away, you've let it go altogether."

"Go on." Ian's voice was softer than ever.

"You've added nothing to it since you first married Aunt Rose. Every other station here in the Kimberleys has a fridge and an electric

power plant and hot water—all the things that make life easy for a woman."

"Did Rose ever complain because I never gave her any of those things?" Ian said, still in the same whisper of a voice.

"No," the girl said. "She wasn't the sort to complain."

Ian was silent for a while. Then he said slowly: "And you'd like all those things Rose should have had?"

Before she could answer, Colin had come up from the sheds. Ian looked up at him and said: "Colin, get on the wireless in the morning and send an order down to Perth for a power plant, a fridge——" He looked at Ruth. "What else was it you wanted?"

It was Colin who answered him. "An electric sewing machine, a cake mixer, and a hot water unit. And a new radio. That old pedal wireless should have been junked years ago."

Ian squinted through the pipe smoke. "Looks like you've been having a confab with Ruth. You two conspiring to spend all my money?"

"Ruth hasn't said a word about what she would like," Colin said. "I just know what the women down south have, and I don't see any reason why they shouldn't have the same here."

Ian stood up. "All right, make out a list and send it off by wireless in the morning."

"I've already made it out," said Colin. "It went off in yesterday's plane."

LATER that evening Ruth and Colin walked down by the river. Out on the plain a dingo howled at the rising moon. The water rippled over rocks white as skulls, and somewhere along the bank wild donkeys fought among themselves as they came down to drink. The vast star-embroidered night only seemed to accentuate the loneliness of the countryside.

"Don't you ever feel lonely?" Colin said, when they stopped at the river's edge. "Don't you ever feel you'd like to go south and have some fun? Live for a while?"

"I'm living all right," Ruth said. "Cities don't appeal to me."

"You've never seen one."

"Some day I'll go south for a trip. But I'll always come home."

"How do you know that?"

"I just know it," she said. "You came back."

He grunted, and there was silence for a moment. Then he said: "I can't explain it to you and Dad—about why I had to go away. Some people are happy for ever just where they are. I'm not. I had to move on, see what else there was in the world——"

"And what else was there?" she said.

"I haven't seen it all yet," he said. "But I saw enough to know I was right about Mount Bulinga. That this could be a better place than it is."

"Are you going to move on again now?" she said.

He smiled, the same old charming smile that, she remembered with a stab of pain, he had always used to hide his fecklessness. "Who knows? I'm like the blackfellers that way. They never try to guess at tomorrow. You've turned pretty, Ruth."

Back at the house, he pressed her arm and left her, going along the veranda and into his own room.

Ruth stood staring after him. Her whirling thoughts were interrupted by Ian Paxit's voice from the shadows of the veranda. "I shouldn't rely on him, Ruth. He won't be staying."

She turned quickly, a little angrily. "How can you be so sure?"

"There was a telegram for me on the wireless schedule tonight." Ian's pipe glowed dully for a moment in the shadows. "A long one. It came from a man named Enright in Darwin, and it asked if I was going to pay the money Colin owed him. Three hundred and twelve pounds. He said he had been after Colin for two years."

"Enright? That's the man we heard he had swindled——" Then she broke off and said angrily: "But he had no right to send a wire like that over the air. Everyone must have heard it. It's like condemning Colin without a trial."

"If he stole the money, he doesn't deserve any better," Ian said slowly. "I tried not to believe that story when I first heard it. But I've heard it too many times. And Enright said in his telegram that every time he has tried to summons Colin, he has moved on. That's why I say he'll move on again."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'll pay the money," Ian said. "He's not worth it, but I don't want any son of mine to go to jail."

"And what about Colin?" All at once she felt sick, as if a future she had only just begun to glimpse had suddenly blacked out. "Will you tell him?"

"I'll tell him when he's leaving," Ian said, and in the darkness his pipe seemed to have gone out completely. "It will be the last thing I'll ever give him."

But over the next fortnight Colin worked like a man who intended to stay. He had the Aboriginal stockboys repair the fences round the yards, he mended the windmill above the bore, and he drew plans for new sheds. He also drew plans for a new house, a building that on paper looked like a mansion to Ruth.

"But that will cost thousands," she protested.

"It will cost a few," Colin admitted. "But you can't build houses cheaply these days, not even in the cities. We'll have to cart in most of our materials, but we'll save on labour. And that's about the biggest item in building costs these days."

"And who is going to build it?" Ian Paxit said. They were all in the small living-room, Colin and Ruth huddled over the plans on the table beneath the hanging pressure lamp, and Ian sitting in a chair in the corner. "You know of some cheap builder among the blacks? They're good at humpies, but not much else."

"I'll build it myself," Colin said. "While I was away I worked for two years on construction jobs. I picked up enough about bricklaying and carpentering to know what to do. And the blacks can do the labouring for me."

"I'm not going to spend my money for something that will never be finished," Ian said.

"If that's the way you feel about it," Colin said heatedly. "I'll write you an I.O.U. till the house is finished. The house can be the payment on the debt."

IAN stood up slowly. He looked across the room at Colin, his face a hard mask that could have hidden anger or pain or just defeat. "You're already in my debt," he said. "Once is enough."

Colin stared after the retreating figure of his father as Ian Paxit went out of the room. Then he turned to Ruth. "What did he mean by that?"

Ruth hesitated, then she said: "He's sending money to a man named Enright in Darwin. You are—" she looked away, not wanting to face

The rain was beating against her face when she left the stockyards. Ian came galloping

after her. "We'd better hurry," he shouted. "He'll need us if those creeks break their banks"

him as she half-accused him "—you are supposed to have swindled him."

"Where did you get that story?" Colin demanded.

"Someone brought it back from Darwin just after you left there to go south. We've heard it several times since. Then Enright sent your father a telegram last week. Your father's sending money out on the plane the day after tomorrow."

"Why didn't he tell me?"

"He said he would not tell you until—" she looked directly at him now "—until you were leaving again."

There was anger in his eyes, but she could see that there was hurt, too. "He's been sure all the time that I would leave, hasn't he?" He screwed up the plan of the house he had drawn and flung it to the floor. "He should have told me earlier how he felt. I'd have gone sooner. I don't want to hang around where I'm not wanted."

"That's not true, Colin." But he had gone, slamming the door after him.

She stared at the closed door till it disappeared in a mist of tears. Then she slumped down at the table and began to weep, feeling more empty and lonely than she had ever felt in her life before.

It was a long while later, when she was in bed and about to drop off to sleep, that she remembered Colin hadn't denied the swindling charge.

In the morning Colin had a fierce argument with his father. All the words were on his side but Ian Paxit contributed by denying none of his son's accusations that he was prejudiced and unjust and selfish. It was as if the old man had made up his mind to break with his son and wanted the parting over as soon as possible. When Colin stamped off towards the horse-yards, with a final outburst that he would pay his own debts and his father could keep his money, Ian turned and walked slowly back to the house.

Ruth found Colin on the far side of the yard, leaning with his back against the rails and staring out into the sun-hazy distance. Behind him the stockboys were breaking-in some brumbies. Dust erupted in pink clouds as one of the boys tried to ride the buck out of a wild horse.

"Colin," she said.

"I'm leaving on tomorrow's plane. It can't get in here soon enough."

After a moment Ruth said: "I don't think you should go. Not if Mount Bulinga means anything to you. Does it?"

He looked at her. "It does," he said. "It means a lot. But to save it, we'll have to spend money on improvements. Not just a new house and new sheds, but on improving the stock. Bringing in new stud bulls, experimenting with new pasture grasses. Dad won't spend money. You heard what he said last night."

"Perhaps that was because you didn't try to explain about the man Enright and the money you are supposed to owe him."

"I can't explain," he said slowly. "I do owe him the money. He was a promoter and he sucked me in. If anyone did any swindling, it was Enright. But that's not the way it looks on the paper I signed. Nothing came out of the promotion except that I owe him money."

"Why did you go into the deal?"

"It looked like a way of getting rich quick," he said.

"Why didn't you explain all this to your father?"

"Do you think it would have helped?" he said bitterly. "Dad doesn't believe in quick money. To him I would have been either a fool or a crook."

"How are you going to pay back Enright if you won't let your father do it?"

"I'll do it somehow," he said, and there was a hint of the old recklessness in his voice. "I'll get some quick money somehow and shut Enright up for good and all."

"And you won't care what happens to Mount Bulinga?"

"I——" Then he stopped short. "But what will happen to you, Ruth? That's more important."

"Is it?" she said, and she couldn't keep the bitterness from her voice. "You've never told me before that it was."

"Why should I have?" he said. "You've been on Dad's side ever since I came home." He grasped her shoulders. "Whose side are you on? His or mine?"

She didn't lower her eyes. "Both," she said. "And my own side, too."

He gazed at her a moment longer, and then, suddenly, he kissed her, hard and with passion.

She had not recovered when he held her away at arm's length, looking seriously at her, and then turned abruptly and walked off.

NEXT morning Colin was gone. And with him he had taken two of the stockboys, six horses and six mules, and three hundred head of cattle.

"He's running true to form." Ian Paxit sat in the old rocker on the veranda, his face as cold and grey as the leaden sky that had come up during the night. "Except that I never thought I'd sired a cattle duffer. I would have thought rustling was too old-fashioned for him." His voice was rasped with bitterness.

Ruth was almost too heartsick to answer. This was the way Colin was going to pay his debt to Enright—by stealing cattle from his father. "Where will he take them to sell them?"

"He can move them across into the Territory," Ian said. "He'll have no trouble getting rid of them, the price that beef is bringing these days."

Ruth was watching a plane coming in out of the raincloud forming above the distant mountains. The wet season was officially over, but sometimes winter rains blew up from down south in the early part of the dry season. The clouds above the mountains looked heavier than one usually saw in these winter storms.

"We could easily catch up with him," she said. "All we'd have to do is ask Tom Farrar—here he comes now—to keep an eye out for him. He could radio back to Wyndham and they could get in touch with us."

"Do you want me to, Ruth?" The old man looked steadily at her.

She hesitated. She loved both the Paxit men, but this one, old and stodgy and in his way a little miserly, had never let her down. "Yes," she said. "We'll go after him."

The plane landed out on the airstrip, put down the stores and mail, and took off again. The pilot, Tom Farrar, said he wanted to beat the rain to Fitzroy Crossing if he could, but he promised to swing off course a little and see if he could spot Colin. Ian's story, that they wanted to go out and help Colin to bring in the cattle, seemed convincing enough. Farrar said he would radio in to Wyndham and get the Flying Doctor station there to pass on his report in the mid-morning radio schedule. Then he took off and a few minutes later was lost in the rain that came

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Under the flag of Greece, Cypriots rally round Archbishop Makarios. Astute and practical, he is a tireless campaigner for Enosis. "All we ask," he

HARRY HOPKINS continues his visit to Cyprus, at the CROSSROADS OF THE WORLD.

and discovers the real power of Enosis from its determined, black-bearded leader

The archbishop preaches 'Out with the British'

BESIDE THE BRIDGE over the dried-up river bed the welcoming party was waiting—the eloquent blue-and-white flag of Greece drooping from its long pole over the road, the silver crosses and ornaments from the church, the ragged line of children, clutching their small paper flags. Four hundred yards farther on, in the mud square in front of the church, a crowd gathered. A luxuriant green arch, artistically composed from palm and banana leaves, framed the church doorway.

A boy began to pull on the rope that hung loosely down outside the church tower, and the bell began to ring. The rope stopped well short of the ground so that after each tug the boy flew up into the air, like a frolicsome monkey.

Every Sunday, as both spiritual and temporal leader of his people, it was the practice of His Beatitude Archbishop Makarios III to visit a village in his diocese in order to encourage its inhabitants in their national struggle. This week the choice had fallen upon Mousoulita, a village of fifty houses, two hundred people and about five hundred sheep, standing on a dirt road in the heart of the broad Messaria plain that extends between the Troödos Mountains in the south-west and the long and rugged Kyrenia range to the north.

Mousoulita is a poor village—for the clouds that bring rain spill their moisture long before they reach this point in the plain. In dry seasons the women of the village must go four miles to a spring to bring water on the backs of donkeys. But on this particular Sunday, Mousoulita felt itself rich. A bus, its radiator draped with that blue-and-white flag, came nosing down the lane with its load of returning Mousoulitans, their relatives and friends, coming to share in the village's great day.

Everyone was wearing Sunday best. I spoke to a youth in a new blue suit who sported a painted tie bearing—a little inappropriately, it seemed—a representation of Big Ben at Westminster. He was, he said, now working as a

says, "is an opportunity to decide our future"

The mufti, Ehmet Dana, leader of 90,000 Turks. "Enosis would destroy our community," he says

builder in Nicosia. But some of the older men still wore, with pride, their traditional costume, gleaming jackboots and black *vrakes,* a voluminous nether garment which some claim originated in Crete when the monks tucked their robes up between their legs against the bite of the snakes.

A wave of cheering and a flurry of flags signalled His Beatitude's arrival. The procession of priests, flags, crosses, the archbishop in their midst, aloof but watchful, came briskly down the road and into the church. The people pressed in behind them.

It was dim inside and solid with standing people, the men to the front, the women behind, the young unmarried girls filling the gallery at one end. There were no chairs in the church—only, down the wall, a row of high wooden arm rests where the old folk could lean. The two choirs of men, one along each side, wove across the people a rich, strong tapestry of sound.

Stray rays of light, slanting from a window, gleamed on the big glass chandeliers. People were still coming, pressing forward through the throng to light tapers at the side altar. And all the time, at the end of the church, the rich and intricate ritual unfolded, enwrapped in its involuted patterns of sound. The stocky old village priest, his white hair and beard a halo in the dim light, moved down the long screen, kissing the gilded ikons. The thin acolyte, his beard a mere wisp, moved down into the church, swinging his censer in a tinkle of chain. And then, for a time, the whole mystery would pass out of sight, beyond the screen, in the inner room.

Verse and response; verse and response—the deep organ tones of the opposing choirs rolled around the little church. The special magic of Orthodox Church music laid its spell upon us; music we of the West call "Eastern," a pattern of narrow range, interminably repeated, of infinite monotony; yet rich and utterly hypnotic. Three yards in front of me, a lad of twenty opened his mouth and gave forth a deep rolling bass which did not seem of this earth. Let into the ceiling above us, a dozen willow-pattern plates—a rudimentary acoustic device—reflected the rich sound.

Time passed: one hour, two hours. People came and went. Babies cried. And all the time, as if it possessed an inner life of its own, the vast sound-encrusted drama rolled remorselessly on. It seemed to matter little that the words were Old Greek which few understood: sound transcended merely verbal meaning.

Robed In Purple And Gold

Then, the high point of the drama, the archbishop is robed anew before the people, in rich garments of purple and gold. A slow and stately progress—for with the putting on of each vestment rolls forth the appropriate verses of the liturgy, verse and response, a joyful and commanding rhythm.

High, bulbous, splendid, the crown gleams dimly over the heads of the people, wavers for a few moments and is lowered on to the archbishop's head. Sceptre in hand, he moves to his high seat, beside the blue-and-white flag, the flag surmounted by the silver cross.

In the services of the Greek Orthodox Church sermons normally play small part; although these days "theologians" at diocesan headquarters prepare and send out set discourses for the parish priests to read from their pulpits. But with the archbishop present, it is, of course, different. The archbishop is a "theologian"; his duty is to preach and to lead. His sermon, when finally launched upon, breaks the trance induced by more than two hours of music and ritual.

He begins very quietly, almost tenderly, a father assuring his children of the infinite mercy of God. "*. . . I was hungry and Ye gave me to eat. . . .*" But there are on this earth, the just and the unjust. The voice hardens a little, grows slightly in volume. There are on this earth also slave nations and free nations. A hand is stretched out now, over the people. "I regret that we are in the slave category."

The tone is still of sweetest reason; but now a new note has entered that mellifluous voice, a note of remonstrance. Somehow, somewhere in the course of the sermon, the British have become firmly identified with the unjust of its theme, the unjust to whom the Almighty will in due course surely mete out their deserts!

Now the long arm stiffens, the dark eyes flash. "The British deny us the simple human right of self-determination."

The congregation stirs. Shame! Shame! Verse and response still.

"Let us not fall into this trap that the British set for us. The trap of a constitution!"

Oxi! Oxi! No! No! A full-throated roar rises to the roof.

"Let us show the British! Let us continue the struggle!" The quiet voice has organ depth now; the archbishop is a man transformed, a prophet who has received a revelation. Enosis assumes the aspect almost of a second coming. "Let us continue the struggle to the end! We are a slave nation now, but rest assured the day will soon dawn when we will gain our freedom."

Suddenly, it is over; the archbishop quietly descends from the pulpit; the deep bass voices of the choirs weave again their golden spells; the ritual resumes as if it had never ceased. An old man, propped between the arm rests against

Everywhere are reminders of the Turkish occupation. To St. Sophia's Mosque in Nicosia, built as a cathedral, the Turks added minarets. From its flagpoles on Fridays flies the Turkish flag

the wall, turned to me and looking me in the eyes, whispered, fervently: "May we soon get our freedom!" (*Eleftheria!*—in Greek the very word is a paean.)

The service ended at last; the people poured from the church. An elderly man moved around among us, offering bread and a knife, and a plate of boiled wheat and seeds—a thank offering for prayers said for the dead. A procession formed around the archbishop and marched off towards the priest's house, with flags waving and fists beating in time to the rhythm of a marching song. I asked a villager who spoke a little English to translate the song for me. It ran: "What do the British want in Cyprus? We want only Enosis. We want to have Marshal Papagos as our Prime Minister. Out, Englishmen! Out, Englishmen! Out!"

The elderly man offered me the bread and the knife. I cut off a piece and ate it. The words of the song, explained the villager who spoke English, were new; but the tune was an old one. It had originally belonged to a patriotic song sung by the Greeks against the Bulgars.

I thought then of all the Colonial Office officials I had talked to, painstakingly marshalling with faultless logic their "Relevant Facts"; pouring out their neat mimeographed statements of "anomalies" in the Enosist position; and I felt sorry for them. For if one thing stood out in Mousoulita that morning, it was that for Greek-speaking Cypriots this thing was far beyond argument. Enosis was a mystery enshrined in their church; Enosis was an eager fluid that ran in their veins. When they prayed in their church for the Monarch, it was not for Elizabeth of England that they prayed; it was for Paul of Greece. And when they went to school, it was to "gymnasia," with classical pediments and Doric columns, that used Athens textbooks and founded their education on classical Greek, building up each day the glowing picture of the Glory That Was Greece—except, that, in Cyprus, that particular tense was never past.

Vain to cast doubt on the true Greekness of Cypriots; to insist that in all its long and chequered history Cyprus has never been a part of Greece. For these people feel Greek and think Greek. Certainly it is true, they will admit, other races came and ruled here; but those came and went; they stayed. Greek colonies were here from earliest times: this is their home, their Greek island.

And, it must be said, there are moments when the island itself with its lyrical beauty, its high white clouds, its mountains in the distance, its shepherds wandering with their flocks, seems to conspire to bear them out. A Cypriot worker, building a house, goes for a drink of water. He takes it from a slender-necked pitcher, a Grecian vase.

A farmer, preparing his field for sowing, strikes an object with his wooden plough—and turns up a broken fragment of Greek statuary. Ancient Greek monasteries perch, impossibly, on mountain tops. Classical columns rise out of the sand on the sea shore north of Famagusta, marking the site of the once great commercial emporium of Salamis, founded by the Greeks, destroyed by the Arabs, buried beneath the sand, its once busy harbour silted up. And in some parts of the Cyprus mountains, the people, when they speak, speak in the idiom of Homer, long vanished from Greece itself.

So it is not merely freedom that these people demand, but Greek freedom. They yearn to be acknowledged at last, to be admitted freely to their great Hellenic heritage. Enosis—or Death!

Instead, they have been offered a good many constitutions of varying degrees of liberality, but all with one feature in common. All have forbidden the discussion of the only subject they wish to discuss: Union with Greece. When, in 1931, an elected Legislative Council nevertheless began to discuss Enosis, the governor dissolved it forthwith to underline the point—and the Cypriots burned down Government House to underline theirs.

Knowledge Of Greece Is Nil

I recall a talk I had, in a village, with an intelligent and reasonable young man, the secretary of the local co-operative society. He had, he confessed, never been to Greece. Nor for that matter had anybody in the village. Their knowledge of conditions in modern Greece was virtually nil. I said to him: "After all, you are Cypriots living in your own island. You have your own history. You have your own characteristics. Why can't you work for the independence of Cyprus?"

He looked at me earnestly for a moment, then said, quietly: "In your Church you believe, do you not, that Jesus and God are one and the same?" I nodded. "As Jesus and God are one, so it is with Cyprus and Greece."

A week rarely goes by in which the British do not remind the Cypriots how, directly and indirectly, we are pumping millions of pounds into the island; we remind them that Greece is a poor country, ill-equipped to take on large new tasks; and that, almost inevitably, with the realization of Enosis, their standard of living would plummet. I put the point to an old villager one day. He was totally unmoved. He merely looked me fiercely in the eye and said: "Better a poor mother than a rich step-mother!"

I had my answer.

Carried Blood To Athens

The fact is that, on the subject of the future of Cyprus, the British and the Greek Cypriots experience all the frustration of people whose temperament and whole way of looking at life are worlds apart. The point is nicely made in the story of the Greek Reserve officers who last year embarked on a two hundred mile Blood March across the Peloponnesus, carrying phials of their blood as an earnest of their determination to pour out their life's blood in the struggle for Cyprus's freedom. One phial was to be forwarded to Sir Winston Churchill in Whitehall; the other to Archbishop Makarios in Nicosia.

The marchers finally arrived, footsore but triumphant, at the British Embassy in Athens with a request that their phials might be sent on. They were received by a secretary with polite detachment and informed that, most unfortunately, their request could not be complied with owing to the existence of a regulation which forbade the transportation of fluids in the diplomatic bags.

How on earth, the practical-minded British ask, is it possible for Cyprus to be "united" with Greece, across six hundred miles of sea, two

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SEA-WYF AND BISCUIT

by J. M. SCOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

Bulldog saw everything clearly now. Number Four wanted the girl. He would stop at nothing to get her—not even murder

ON AN ISLAND in the Indian Ocean four castaways were recovering their strength—four survivors from a torpedoed ship who, despite the weeks they had spent together, knew each other only by nicknames: Bulldog, Number Four, Sea-Wyf and Biscuit. . . .

Although they had an unspoken agreement not to pry into each other's past, in the weeks they had drifted along in a rubber float they had inevitably learned a good deal. Only the girl, Sea-Wyf, remained as much of a mystery as ever. She never spoke of the past: and Bulldog and Biscuit could not even remember seeing her before the dreadful night that the ship had sunk.

Number Four, a one-legged mulatto, knew who she was—he had been the ship's purser. But he never spoke her name.

He was surly and suspicious towards the other men, knowing that they disliked him. Once they had made an attempt at leaving him to drown, but Sea-Wyf had prevented them.

Much the strongest of the three men, he had been aggressive and truculent in the float. Now, on land, he was at a disadvantage and avoided the men as much as possible—but he sought Sea-Wyf's company whenever she was alone.

Biscuit suspected that she was half-frightened of the mulatto. She had insisted that they must leave the island and had set them to work building a raft out of timber from a wreck.

It seemed incredible to Biscuit that, if they reached safety, he would never see her again. One day, while working on the raft, he pleaded with her to tell him her true name. But, as he stood waiting for her reply, Bulldog's voice came to them—"Sea-Wyf! Biscuit! Come along!"—and the girl half-smiled.

"That is who we are," she said. "Sea-Wyf and Biscuit who must build a raft. . . ."

PART FOUR

Knife In The Sand

THERE were still nuts to be collected, and they took turns in the search for turtles' eggs. Number Four did what he was told to do, living in a mood of grimly patient silence, appearing still more lonely than he had been when he was by himself.

He was useful. At low tide he trapped a number of fish. He slit them open with a broken shell, salted them with brine and hung them up to cure in wind and sun.

The others spent most of their working hours in the construction of the raft. It was going to

"Let's have a look at that knife," Bulldog asked. "No," said Number Four, and there was a cunning, self-satisfied glint in his eyes

be the biggest and best raft in the whole history of castaways.

They used to talk about it in the evenings. Number Four listened and often seemed upon the point of joining in. In some ways they would have welcomed his advice for, after all, he was a sailor. But they excluded him from having anything to do with their raft. He had to be kept in his place.

By tremendous efforts, knocking the whole wreck more or less to pieces, they managed to unship the masts. They floated them round to the place opposite a break in the reef where the decking had been beached. There, on a level which they calculated would be under water at the next full moon tide, they put the raft together.

It was enormous, most imposing, but the pieces were not securely joined. Such nails and screws as they had been able to salvage were hard to use effectively. Lashings would have been better. But their attempts to make rope were not successful. Biscuit thought that the anchor chain might do, until Bulldog pointed out that it would slip unless they could cut notches in the wood.

"I believe Number Four might help us if you encouraged him a little," Sea-Wyf told Bulldog.

"Encourage him! The only chance with a fellow like that is to keep him under. I know the type."

And Biscuit felt as hardly towards the mulatto as Bulldog did, for Sea-Wyf had promised Number Four that she would be kind to him when they reached safety, while to himself she had offered nothing except a goodbye. He wondered jealously what there could be between those two, what they had talked about during their long conversations on the islet.

One evening, a week before the full moon tide, they were returning to the shack when they saw Number Four squatting outside, and wondered what he was doing so busily. He appeared to be pumping something just above the sand. Then he raised an arm and something in his hand glittered in the sun.

Next moment he saw them approaching. He lowered his arm and sat waiting. He was holding a knife with a broad blade more than a foot in length.

"What have you got there?" Bulldog shouted.

"A machete," Number Four grinned.

"Where the devil did you find it?"

"Smoothing the sand in the shed. Lots of things buried there. It was black. But see now." He picked up a pencil stub and sharpened it as neatly as if he had been using a penknife. "Good steel don't grow old."

"Let's have a look at it," Bulldog said, holding out his hand.

The cunning, self-satisfied look which they had not seen for so long spread over the mulatto's face. His eyes glinted.

"No. You got most things I haven't got, but I got this." He began again to polish the blade in the sand.

SEA-WYF looked meaningly at her two companions and made a slight gesture with her hands. They understood her and moved away. From beyond earshot they saw the girl sit down beside Number Four, saw them talking together for some time.

At last she rose and walked slowly up to Bulldog and Biscuit. "He would not give it to me," she said. "But he has promised not to use it for—for anything wrong."

Bulldog stared, then broke out, "And must we stake our lives on the word of a——?"

"Yes," Sea-Wyf said. "You must do that. I can do no more. *You* need not be afraid."

Number Four did not actually threaten them, either in words or action. If he had, Bulldog and Biscuit, in spite of Sea-Wyf's entreaties, would have taken the risk of attacking him.

On the contrary, he was jovial. He laughed a great deal. He seemed to be enjoying an endlessly amusing private joke. And always, night and day, the long sharp blade was either in his hand or slung in its sheath at his hip. It was like a symbol of authority.

He became as energetic as his one leg allowed. "You think you can build a raft. Now I show you," he said. And he did. He notched the masts neatly and deeply so that the chain fitted securely into place.

The two longer masts were placed lengthwise on the outside, the shorter between them, leaving parallel gaps three feet wide. These gaps were wedged with some vertically placed planks to act as leeboards. Over this lower layer, which formed the main bulk, was placed the decking.

The two layers were kept together principally by a chain. But Number Four showed that he could make quite an efficient rope from grasses and creepers. This he used for a hundred well-tied lashings and for safety ropes which were looped along the sides.

To the deck were tied a number of baskets and similar contraptions which were to be used as beds and for storing supplies. The rubber float was secured in the centre as a water tank. There was also a three-legged mast and a square sail, woven from palm fronds.

WHEN the raft was completed they were all proud of it. "You're a clever fellow, Number Four, I must grant you that," Bulldog said.

"I'm clever all right," the mulatto answered, grinning. "But I ain't Number Four no longer. I'm the captain. You call me captain."

Biscuit looked at Bulldog, waiting for an angry reply. But Bulldog answered: "Yes, you have earned that title, Captain."

While waiting for the full moon tide, they got their stores together—baskets of coconuts and turtles' eggs, hampers of dried fish. There was enough for a couple of months—they were taking no chances. Lastly—called for by Number Four and collected by Biscuit—there was a bunch of crown shoots from the high tops of half a dozen trees, the succulent *palmiste* which is eaten only as the rarest luxury because the whole tree dies when it is picked.

"This very, very good. This for the big moment," Number Four said, grinning.

He was excited, teeth and eyes gleaming in his dusky face. They did not ask what he meant by the big moment.

The big tide, they had calculated, was due at one hour before sunset on the day of the full moon. They waited for it anxiously, for the previous tide had not quite floated the raft.

There were no waves in the lagoon. The water advanced very slowly, like a stain, wetting the hot, dry sand. The bow end of the raft began to float. Gradually the huge, clumsy collection of logs and planks came to life. The three men and the woman threw their shoulders against the levers which they had placed under the stern. For an agonizing minute they strained. Very slowly at first, then smoothly and fast, the raft slid forward and rode upon the water.

They raised a cheer and plunged in after it. They scrambled on board. When they were all on the same side the raft began slowly and majestically to tilt. They laughed, and walked to the other side to correct the movement. They could walk on it—it was as big as that. Fore and aft it was absolutely steady whatever they did. It gave them a wonderful sense of confidence. They anchored it and loaded the stores.

By the time they had finished, it was night—not dark because of the moon. Number Four announced that they would start at dawn, with the next ebb. Several of the lashings needed readjustment.

"You help me, Bulldog?"

Bulldog, in his strangely acquiescent mood, agreed.

Biscuit and Sea-Wyf stood on the shore. "I need a few more fronds for the sail," the girl said. "And don't you think it would be nice to leave some food in the shack in case anybody else comes to the island as we did? Will you gather some more coconuts?"

"If you come with me," Biscuit said.

Immediately afterwards he regretted saying that. The island in the full moonlight had an unearthly loveliness—the mother-of-pearl shades of sand and water, the tall, stately trees, the mysterious rustle of their fronds and solemn boom of the surf. It was almost more than flesh and blood could stand to be so close to this girl and not take her in his arms. Yet, somehow, the same strong power which bound him to her prevented him from touching her.

It was a relief to climb a tree. To be so high on such a night brought a thrill of exaltation. He lingered over his work, drinking in the beauty and the peace.

A movement caught his eye. Someone was swimming from the raft to the shore. A tall

"Look!" Sea-Wyf said breathlessly. A sha

in was cutting the water. "I don't care," Bulldog shouted in fury. Then he called to the swimmer, "Go back, you fool. You are not wanted here"

figure emerged and began hopping along the sea border, grotesque in the moonlight. A minute or two later Bulldog also landed and followed him, running. Biscuit wondered what they were up to, but only vaguely, uninterestedly. He climbed down and joined Sea-Wyf. They gathered up the nuts and palm fronds and walked silently to the shack.

Voices approached them. Number Four's angrily raised, Bulldog's answering flatly, dogmatically. Even when the men reached the shack it was difficult to understand at first exactly what had happened. Apparently, while they were working on the raft, Number Four had caught sight of a turtle making for the sea. He had at once dived overboard in an attempt to intercept it. But Bulldog followed too slowly and the creature had escaped.

That was not all, for when they returned to the raft the machete could not be found. Number Four said that he had left it lying on the deck, Bulldog that he had not noticed it before he followed. For half an hour they had searched for it, and Number Four had made repeated dives to the clear, sandy bottom of the lagoon. He was certain that it had not fallen overboard.

"It must be on deck. We'll find it in the morning," Bulldog said.

"In any case," Sea-Wyf said, "the knife has served its purpose. We do not need it any more."

"Need it? Sure I need it." Number Four fumbled with the empty sheath.

"I dare say we will find it very soon," Sea-Wyf said.

"If you find it, you give it to me?"

"Yes."

"You make the others give it me?" he demanded.

"Yes. Let us go to bed now. We must start early with the tide."

Biscuit could not sleep. He lay turning and shifting on his bed. He was impatient to start the voyage. He was impatient to end it, to prove himself in life for Sea-Wyf's sake.

He rose and went out. He judged that it must be almost dawn and walked down to the shore. The wind, a mild but steady breeze, was blowing in the right direction. Conditions were ideal. He waited until the sun broke surface and the palms threw out their bar-like shadows across the sea. Then he went back to wake the others.

Sea-Wyf came out and started for the beach with the rolled sail under her arm. Bulldog followed her.

"You ready?" Number Four shouted from his shed.

"Just going to have another look for your machete and tidy up the deck," Bulldog answered. "We'll have everything shipshape by the time you get aboard, Captain."

"That's right. That's right." There was a

Continued on page 30

Tinned harvest for the live-wire colonel

by JOHN HARMAN

From a golf stroke to a vintage car ride, Colonel Batchelor sells peas at every move. His salesmanship doesn't miss a trick—and pulls in £9 million a year

On a Yorkshire pea farm, a mobile viner shells the crop. Batchelor says that he knows little about the practical side of vegetable growing

MORNING SHOPPERS in the Derbyshire spa of Buxton two years ago stared at a strange sight. A 1904 car, heralded by a man with a red flag and carrying a driver and three passengers in white dust-coats, cloth caps and goggles, appeared from out of a side street, rattled down a main road and came to a sudden, shuddering halt outside a big hotel.

It was then the turn of some hard-bitten salesmen to be surprised. Two hundred and fifty of them were gathered in the hotel doorway, waiting for their annual conference to start. They saw that one of the passengers, a stocky figure wearing a huge false moustache, was Colonel Maurice William Batchelor, J.P., the chairman of their pea canning firm.

He climbed down from the high back seat of the vehicle, pleased with a dramatic entry into Buxton which, he rightly judged, would be reported in the newspapers, and strode into the conference hall to deliver a trenchant address on eye-catching methods of salesmanship.

Wears Ties In Label Colours

Batchelor, a blunt, restlessly ambitious Yorkshireman of fifty-six, who likes to stand with his feet astride and his fingers thrust into his waistcoat pockets, has a flair for publicizing himself and the company which carries his name. He wears distinctive ties specially woven in the red, green and silver colours of his can labels, and his initials M.W.B. are the registration letters of his large blue Rolls-Royce. Last year, his plan to leave his Sheffield factory by helicopter and descend from the sky to keep an appointment in Harrogate failed only because the machine had engine trouble shortly before the take-off.

"He rarely misses a trick," says one of his executives. "He has been called a showman, but he sells over a million tins of peas a day." Batchelor's tactics have helped to make peas Britain's most popular second vegetable. Peas, which belong to the same botanical family as lupins, beans and groundnuts, and were a food of Stone Age cave-dwellers, are now tinned in this country at a rate of 204,000 tons a year.

Competition is so keen that Batchelor considers it worth while to spend £270,000 a year on advertising. He was one of the first canners to book time on commercial television. A prewar experiment in what was then a startling medium of advertising brought him attention, though not of the kind that he wanted.

He signed a £500 contract for an aircraft to

At a tasting session Batchelor (left) tries samples of the day's produce. Approximately sixty per cent of his firm's income comes from peas

fly over northern towns trailing a banner painted with a sales slogan. The exact times of flying were left to the charter company. After repeated delays caused by bad weather, the plane swooped over crowds in Manchester and Salford —but with disastrous results.

"Armistice Day services were in progress," says Batchelor. "Horror-struck people sent me indignant letters, and many of them boycotted my goods."

Stunts have earned Batchelor his reputation for showmanship, but his fortune from the common pea is founded on hard business sense. Apart from being the first canner to process blue dwarf peas on any scale, he was the first to succeed in doing it with the larger—and thicker-skinned—marrowfat peas. After the war, he decided to cater for people who live alone, and started a fresh trend of thought in the canning trade by selling 5-oz. one-portion tins.

Today, he runs five factories with a total staff of 4,500 and has an annual turnover of about £9 million. His full range of products includes baked beans, powdered soups, tinned soups, fruit, vegetables and meat, but peas still account for at least sixty per cent of his income and he regards himself as a pea salesman with profitable sidelines.

His chief problem, having stimulated a demand for peas, has been to ensure a steady supply of them. Until 1939, most of the peas eaten in Britain came from Holland, Japan and elsewhere abroad. Imports fell during the war, and British farmers have since filled the gap.

Early in each New Year, Batchelor comes to an arrangement with farms stretching from Scarborough in Yorkshire to Romney Marshes in Kent. His fieldsmen, as they are called, supply farmers with seeds, advise on cultivation and guarantee to buy crops.

The task of harvesting the vines can be physically exhausting, but rewarding. When, as a Justice of the Peace, Batchelor was hearing a case in Sheffield magistrates' court, a tough young witness said that he earned £23 a week. Batchelor demanded to know where he worked. To his embarrassment, the defendant looked him straight in the eye and said: "Batchelors."

"Afterwards," says Batchelor, "my colleagues on the bench jokingly asked me for jobs."

Fresh, or garden, peas have to be harvested during a brief summer season. Batchelor, like other canners, has found that by processing peas—drying and later reconstituting them—he is able to keep his factories busy for the rest of the year.

The peas are left in the fields to be shrivelled by the wind and sun. When they have been examined by a battery of electronic "magic eyes," which deals with 124 million peas a day and flicks aside the ones which are discoloured, they are sent to the factory.

The first step is to soak them in vats for three hours to become reconstituted. They are bleached in boiling water to improve their colour, remove

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

On the South Sea Island of Mangaia,

the natives can now bring their boats right up to the land through

a deep channel. That channel pierces a coral reef which has,

since time immemorial, set a barrier between the open sea and the

South Sea Island magic

silver beach.

Cunningly

placed explosive charges

made the channel

—and I.C.I. made the explosives and advised

the amateur engineer who did the work.

Now the natives, vastly impressed, point out other jobs

that could be done in like manner—rocks to be

split—palms to be removed. Many of their ideas are

impracticable, but they are right in believing that explosives can be a

powerful servant in unlikely ways. Most of I.C.I.'s output of

explosives goes to the mining industry, but smaller amounts go

to farmers for blasting boulders and tree-stumps;

to engineers, who use them to power the underwater

bolt-driving guns used by divers,

and to oil prospectors, who use explosives to set up 'echoes'

under the ground, which help them

to find oil-bearing rock.

Thus, and in a thousand kindred ways, I.C.I.'s research and production are serving the Nation.

ICI

" I've lost my spoon "

dirt and soften their skins. Then they are put into tins which, topped with mint essence and a small amount of sugar, are sealed and fed into Britain's biggest pressure cooker. Weighing thirty-five tons and standing in a pit thirty feet deep, it cooks two hundred tins a minute at a temperature of 240 degrees Fahrenheit.

"All that I do," says Batchelor, " is to save housewives the trouble which used to be necessary when buying dried peas."

He put the idea into practice in 1928. About thirty years before that, his father, an ex-railway clerk, had established the family business by packing dried peas in cartons. This was done in the basement of a disused Methodist chapel in Sheffield—a spot which Batchelor, who is proud of his humble beginnings, nowadays insists on showing to visitors.

When Batchelor senior died in 1913, leaving £2,042, his daughter Ella kept the firm going until Maurice and his brother Fred left school.

Early on, the trio nearly suffered a ruinous setback. In 1919 they called their dried peas " A.1." brand and despatched them all over the country, but a competitor sued them for infringing an established trade mark. He obtained £1,000 damages; the goods were recalled from the shops and every label destroyed.

However, with ingenious ideas, such as one for packing nuts and dates at Christmas-time when the demand for peas slackened, the business prospered. Batchelor went out in a three-wheel car to seek orders, and learned by chance of a small factory in Gloucestershire which was going one better than himself by soaking dried peas and canning them. The Batchelors decided to follow suit.

" We worked seven days a week and had day and night shifts," recalls Ella. " Often, we went to a local golf course and hired the caddies for extra labour."

Batchelor promoted sales by driving a van painted with peas the size of tennis balls. Also, he designed packets which could be turned into model cars by the addition of tin wheels. But perhaps his most persuasive scheme was to stencil cases of peas with the words: SURPRISE ITEM. Retailers knew that if they bought a case they would find a pair of braces, stockings, a towel or a similar free gift inside.

" My policy when faced with competition was not to waste time fighting it, but to buy it," he says. He bought two rival firms, and chose the relaxed atmosphere of golf courses for the preliminary talks. On one occasion, in order to get his rival in a pliable state of mind, he purposely lost a game.

Batchelor claims to be one of the few people who have been in all three services. He was on the lower deck of the Royal Navy in the first World War; he joined the R.A.F.V.R. in 1936, and transferred to the army in 1939. He quickly rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, but then had a serious operation and spent months in hospital.

Had To Sell Out

" In 1943, I was told that he might never recover," says his sister, " and that even if he did, he would be a cripple and unable to work again." The control of the business was consequently sold to the Unilever group of companies. Nevertheless, Batchelor had recovered sufficiently to become chairman in 1948.

He now sets an energetic pace and requires a personal assistant and two secretaries. He serves on numerous committees, runs road safety competitions and supervises elaborate welfare schemes in his factories.

Married, with two grown-up sons, he has just bought a large house on the outskirts of Sheffield. The transaction went through with typical directness. He told the estate agents that his final offer for the property was £14,750. When the woman owner said that she wanted £15,000, Batchelor, who detests delay, drove out to see her, pulled a penny from his pocket and astonished her by saying. " I'll toss you for the extra £250." She flipped the coin and won.

He enjoys gardening, but although he is one of Britain's biggest agricultural contractors he admits that his knowledge of the practical side of vegetable growing is limited.

Once, he planted a row of beans. Green shoots appeared and he carefully coaxed them to a height of three feet. " I was very pleased with those plants," he says, " until I realized that they were weeds." THE END

PRODIGAL SON

Continued from page 19

sweeping across the plain like a grey ghost army.

Ian stood on the veranda and looked out at the downpour. "He won't get far in this. If he doesn't watch out, he's likely to lose all the cattle in one of the creeks."

"Not if he's heading east," Ruth said. "He'd be across the dangerous creeks by now."

"Then the creeks will stop us," said Ian. "We might as well say goodbye to him and the cattle."

Ruth was by the radio ten minutes before the schedule came on. Mount Bulinga was usually halfway down the list of calls, but this time Wyndham came in immediately with: "I have an urgent call for BKW. Are you listening, BKW?"

Ruth switched over to transmitting and began pedalling the old set. "Ready. Go ahead."

She switched back and Wyndham came in, faint against the beat of the rain on the iron roof. Ruth leaned forward, Ian standing beside her.

"Is that you, Ruth? I have a message from Tom Farrar. He says he saw Colin about ten miles due south of you and he seemed to be in trouble. He's caught between two creeks and Tom says they look to be rising fast. Did you get that?"

Ruth switched over again. "I got it, Stan. We'll go out there right away. That's all."

She switched off and looked up at Ian. "*South* of here? What's he doing——?" Then she stood up suddenly. "He's heading for Mount Peregrine."

"What the blazes for?" Ian said.

"To sell the cattle to Beef Freight, of course." Ruth was excited almost to tears. "He hasn't stolen the cattle. He's going to show you that Mount Bulinga can be brought up to date."

"He's chosen a damn funny way of showing me," Ian said.

"That's because it's the only way of showing you anything." Ruth explained. "You'd argue with him for years against it. Can't you see, Uncle? Can't you see he wants to stay on here, but he wants to run things *his* way, not yours? After all, some day Mount Bulinga will be his. Can you blame him for wanting to see that he inherits a property that is as good as the best?" She turned towards the door.

"Where are you going?" Ian demanded.

"I'm going to help him," she said. "You can radio us at Mount Peregrine if you want us to come back."

She was riding out past the stockyards with three of the black boys when Ian came galloping after her. "We'd better hurry," he shouted through the rain that beat against his face. "He'll need us if those creeks break their banks."

It took them longer than they expected to reach Colin. The rain had washed out tracks, but the black stockboys found plenty of signs where the cattle had passed through the pindan scrub. They forded three rapidly rising creeks, then came suddenly over a hill and down into the milling cattle.

Colin came galloping towards them. "I'm trying to take them across that far creek," he yelled. "If we make that, we're all right."

Ruth looked at Ian Paxit. The old man sat his horse, staring through the rain at his son and beyond him at the mob of cattle, his lean old face wracked by a storm of pain and doubt.

Ruth knew that if they moved the cattle over the far creek, they would be on their way to Mount Peregrine and Beef Freight. If they turned them and brought them back up this hill, it would mean that they were on their way back to Mount Bulinga. And that would be goodbye for ever to Colin, for she knew he would not come back with them.

She was shocked when Ian looked to her for decision. "What do we do, Ruth?"

She looked at him, then at Colin. The latter had no feckless charm about him now; he looked trail-weary and cold, but a man who was determined to do a job. She looked back at Ian. "We'll take them over the creek."

RUTH could not remember ever having worked harder than she did in the next half-hour. The cattle were reluctant to face the swift waters of the creek and had to be driven into it. They slipped and slid in the mud of the steep banks, and they had to be taken over in bunches, to prevent any pile-ups. Some of the cattle broke away, and herding them back, with horses skidding in the mud, was work to test skill and endurance. The rain fell steadily and at times it was impossible to see the far side of the mob.

Gradually the mob began to thin. Then the last bunch went sliding down the bank and into the water. The bullocks struggled against the current, but slowly they worked their way towards the other side. They had to rope and drag the last few bullocks up the slippery slope, but at last the mob was across. The stockboys held them there while they steadied down.

Then slowly they began to move them towards a scoop in the hills where they would be out of the beat of the rain as it came in on the cold wings of the wind. They would make camp here till the storm was gone, and then move on. There was plenty of time now to get to Mount Peregrine.

Colin stood by Ruth's stirrup as she dismounted. He said nothing, but he did not have to. His kiss told her he had come home for good.

Ian Paxit stood beside them. "Did you tear up that plan of the house?" he said.

"We can always draw another one," Colin said, and grinned with affection at his father. "Even bigger than the last one. I forgot to plan rooms for your grandchildren." THE END

Two Fine Authors

PHYLLIS BENTLEY

Her new story, *No Road*, is a passionate tale of love and jealousy in the Yorkshire dales. Vintage work by a best-selling writer, it will appear complete in one issue.

JERRARD TICKELL

He is famous for *Odette* and *Appointment With Venus*. Now he has written *Rose Of Sharon*, a heart-warming story of English canals, an Irish girl, and a Clydesdale mare.

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hollow ground blades

SEA-WYF AND BISCUIT

Continued from page 25

laugh. Number Four seemed to be enjoying his endlessly funny private joke.

Bulldog jerked Biscuit by the arm. "Hurry," he whispered. They ran, took Sea-Wyf by the hand and ran on. They plunged into the lagoon, waded and swam to the raft. They climbed aboard, panting.

Bulldog at once cast loose. He took up one of the float paddles and handed the other to Biscuit.

"What are you doing? What about Number Four?" Sea-Wyf asked.

"He's just coming. It will take a bit of time manoeuvring to the gap," Bulldog answered.

They paddled hard. The big raft began gradually to move. It was not easy to turn it so that it would pass cleanly through the gap to the open sea. The tide was sucking out, tending to pull it against the coral. But, working hard, Biscuit understanding although he had not been told, they got the raft into the full current, and then all they had to do was to keep it moving straight.

"There he is, coming down. We must not go any farther," Sea-Wyf said.

Bulldog ignored her. "Now the sail. Quick!" he said.

"No! You mean to leave him behind." Sea-Wyf faced him.

"Of course I'm leaving him behind. Give me the sail."

"No. You shall not leave him to starve."

BULLDOG stood in front of her. If he tried to snatch the sail from her it would tear. "I am not leaving him behind to starve," he said. "We have left food, and he can find more."

"You are a coward."

"I am not. I am the only one with a clear brain and the courage to use it. You know what would happen if he came on board. And I am not leaving him to die. As soon as we find help we can send back for him. Give me the sail."

"No. It is deceitful, unfair."

Number Four had reached the water's edge, but the raft, carried by the ebb, was a hundred yards out. Bulldog stood judging the distance.

"All right, we must paddle," he said. "Help me, Biscuit."

"Biscuit!" Sea-Wyf said.

"But Bulldog is right, you know."

"Biscuit, please!"

"For God's sake let us have reason, not sentiment!" Bulldog burst out. "If he comes on board it's a hundred to one he will cause trouble. You know that as well as I do. If we sail out of reach, he will turn back, and we can send to collect him, probably in a few days. Which is the right thing to do? I ask you in the name of reason—you who were so frightened by him that you were prepared to sail away alone."

"Very well," Sea-Wyf said unhappily. "Call to him to turn back. Tell him that we will send to fetch him."

The two men shouted and waved. But Number Four, ploughing through the water, could not or would not understand.

Bulldog waved his paddle. "You fool, I'll make you understand with this. Go back."

"Look!" Sea-Wyf said breathlessly. Between the swimmer and the shore a triangular fin was cutting the water.

"I don't care," Bulldog shouted in a fury. "That's his look-out. Go back, you fool! You are not wanted here." He waved the paddle.

"Stop him, Biscuit."

Biscuit laid his hand on Bulldog's arm. With the shark nosing cautiously behind his splashing foot, Number Four reached the raft. He rested his elbows on the side.

"You let me come on board? Very kind!" he grinned.

Then with a thrust of his leg and a heave of his muscular body he was on the raft.

At dawn next morning they saw Biscuit's Island, only a few miles away, almost directly downwind. From its formation and vegetation it might have been the island they had left, and this similarity unreasonably disturbed them.

But they were impatient to arrive, even though they saw no signs of habitation. They had had quite enough of this raft voyage already. It had not been pleasant with Number Four continually rummaging about in search of his machete.

And they disliked the raft itself. It was so sluggish and cumbersome. Also, because of its size, it was difficult to steer. It took several minutes of hard paddling to change direction by even a few degrees.

With a pompous solemnity the great logs dipped and rose. The wind had freshened and every wave washed over the unprotected deck.

As they advanced, they heard the thunder of the surf and saw it leaping, savage and frothing. They could distinguish no break in the reef; so, paddling hard, they turned the raft to make it pass along the side of the island.

They travelled the length of the island, half a mile from the reef. Still there was no gap.

They lowered the sail and began to turn across the wind, making for the lee of the island. As soon as the raft came round it started to roll, and the waves swept right over it from side to side. Paddling under these conditions was difficult and dangerous. They kept the bow heading for the calmer water, but the raft was carried sideways by wind and current farther and farther away.

Exhausted and desperate they began shouting at each other. Should they abandon the raft and launch the float? It would be almost impossible under such conditions, and at best it would mean leaving the stores. No one took the initiative. It was easier to go on paddling—across the wind and finally against it, backwards. At last they gave up trying. They felt utterly helpless aboard the monster they had made.

For the remainder of the day they sat watching the island gradually sinking below the horizon—first the beach, then the bushes and finally the tops of the trees.

After sunset they slept from sheer exhaustion.

At some time during the night Biscuit woke with a start. He saw Sea-Wyf on her knees, her eyes searching over the moonlit waters.

"What is it?" he whispered.

"I heard a strange sound," she said.

"What sort of sound?"

"I cannot describe it. I was asleep. It woke me up."

Their whispering voices, the heaving

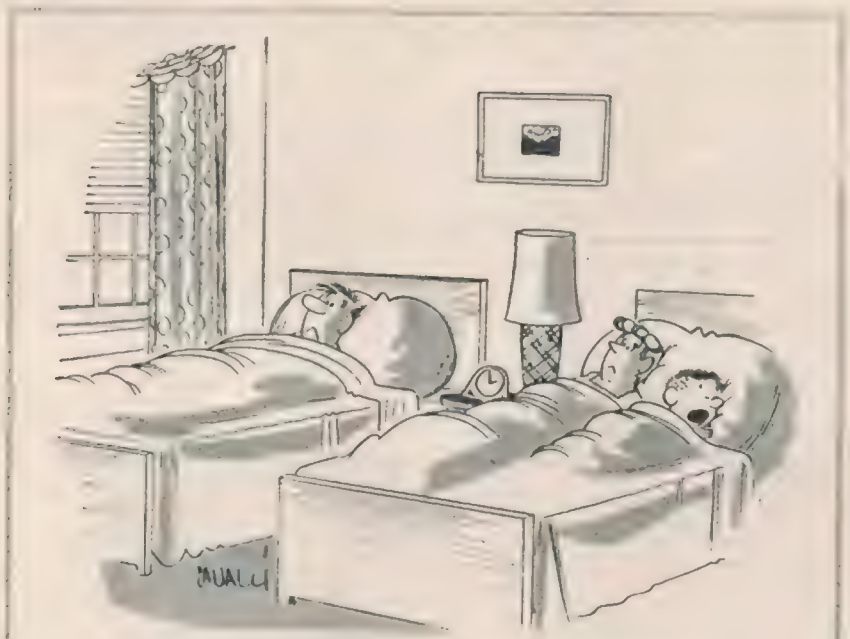
Guess What?

by GLYN DANIEL

THIS object is in two parts: the stand is made of iron, twelve inches high; the long instrument is also iron, but it has a wooden handle. Is it . . .

(a) A wig curler?
(b) A gas poker?
(c) An ale muller?
(d) A laundering iron?

Glyn Daniel tells you more on page 32



"Because the man with the mask on in my room told me to come and sleep in here, that's why"

water, opal and shadowed, the strange movements of the raft increased the sense of helplessness and fear of the unknown. They stared about them anxiously.

They saw a large black shape rise gradually above the surface, pointing upwards at a steep angle.

"Submarine!" Biscuit shouted.

The others were awake in a moment, staring. More of the black mass became visible. It tilted forward until it was lying horizontally, three-quarters submerged. The front part sank and up came the flat tail, up and up until it was nearly vertical. Then the tail slapped down with the noise of an explosion, and the monster disappeared.

It was a whale. They had realized that before it dived. But as the physical effects of a fright remain after the danger is past, so their minds retained the impression they had received when Biscuit had shouted "Submarine." The voyage on the float was being repeated like a bad dream.

That was the impression which they all had so strongly that they could not prevent themselves from speaking of it. It had started when Number Four had come over the side, using —whether consciously or not—the same words as when he had boarded the float.

The island had gone down below the horizon like a ship which passed unheeding. A few days later there was a heavy fall of rain—that was the electric storm. Fish gathered under the raft—and they waited for the sharks. They had no actual attack by sharks, but often in the night they saw the phosphorescent lines which sharks or other creatures drew upon the surface.

Discomforts and irritations which they had half forgotten increased the nightmare sense of repetition. Although they had plenty to eat and drink, each watched jealously how much the others took. And their physical condition rapidly deteriorated. In spite of the hats and mat-like garments they had made, the sun burned them cruelly. This must largely have been because they were so frequently soaked by spray. But, in any case, hardship is more difficult to bear a second time.

The raft lurched and rolled onwards, going very slowly towards nothing. At the end of the first week the wind freshened.

"Now we get the storm," Number Four announced.

"And reach an island when it is over," Sea-Wyf said smiling.

"Maybe. But this time I reckon something bad's going to happen."

"I am certain it is not," Sea-Wyf said.

"Sure there is. Last night I dreamed of getting married."

"That *is* bad luck," Biscuit laughed.

"Sure it is," Number Four answered with deadly seriousness. "My mother told me that, and it's proved true. My mother told me lots of things like that. Another thing she said—I wouldn't die by drowning."

"I'm sure that is right," Bulldog said. "It is written that you will die another way."

"What d'you mean?" Number Four demanded, made suddenly suspicious by the tone.

"He means that he agrees with your mother," Sea-Wyf said.

The rising wind cut short this conversation.

Soon the storm swept up the sea like a vast invisible broom violently handled. The wind was fierce but short-lived. Next morning it dropped suddenly and completely.

But the waves did not go down. They only changed character. A patch of water would suddenly rise straight into the air, forming a cone, then subside upon itself, leaving a frothing hollow. The raft was tilted at a steep angle. The crew clung on for their lives. But they were not desperate, for they felt sure this must be the death throes of the storm. The sea would go down, and then the island would appear. . . .

Up and up went one side of the raft, up and up as it often had before. The crew clung on. The deck cargo slithered and was stopped by the lashings. Water sloshed out of the float.

The raft splashed flat. Half a minute later the other side rose suddenly as a cone of water formed under it. It rose up until the raft was on edge. The raft remained like that for a moment of two, then it splashed flat—upside down.

Biscuit was underneath. He did not know which way to swim and he breathed water until he reached the surface. There he clung on to a lifeline, and the edge of the raft came up and hit him under the chin. He bit his tongue and the pain revived him. He scrambled on board.

He saw Bulldog's legs projecting from under the raft. He caught hold of them and dragged him on board. The other two had been flung clear. They could not swim in that sea, and they splashed about like drowning puppies until they reached the edge of the raft, where Biscuit could get hold of them and help them out.

For a long time they lay motionless while the salt water they had swallowed dribbled from their mouths. The faggots which wedged the mast logs apart were less thick than the solid wood, so they formed two parallel grooves, and they lay in these in pairs, head to foot. Aft lay Biscuit and Number Four, forward of them Sea-Wyf and Bulldog. Sea-Wyf kept an arm over Bulldog while Biscuit held his feet, for he was unconscious. He must have been hit on the head.

After a little while the three who

they're full of life on

LUCOZADE

LUCOZADE

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He's forever on the go, never still for a moment — but Mother has energy to match. *They're both full of life on Lucozade!* No irritable exhaustion here, thanks to this sparkling, subtly blended drink. It's blended to give a flavour that no-one can refuse — not even a listless patient sick in bed. That's why doctors recommend it! Lucozade is blended to stimulate the appetite and keep you on top of your form, fit for a hard day's work or a long day's play. So never be without it, at home or wherever you are. Drink plenty, *give* plenty to all the family. *Doctors and nurses use Lucozade in hospitals, nursing homes, clinics and schools.*

What doctors said last winter . . .

stands good for summer too!

When winter illness struck, leaving the patients weak and listless, their doctors often recommended Lucozade. And the grateful letters we received from these patients stand as overwhelming proof of the good that Lucozade did.

LUCOZADE

the sparkling glucose drink

regd 2,611/55

were unhurt raised their heads. The sea was still rocketing up and down, and it was seething with life. Hundreds of fish were after the stores and sharks were after the fish. There could have been no question of trying to salvage anything.

Soon it began to blow again, and the waves began to march forward with spray flying from their crests. The raft wallowed. It was constantly swamped, but showed no inclination to turn over again.

This time, when the wind eased, it did so gradually, so the waves remained ordered until they died down. By the second morning after the beginning of the storm it was calm.

Number Four was the first to sit up. Biscuit, in a mood of sleepy convalescence, watched him as he crawled about exploring.

Suddenly the mulatto gave a grunt of surprise and dragged himself towards something which was just projecting from one of the faggots. It was the handle of the machete and he drew out the blade.

That made Biscuit sit up. But Number Four did no more at first than squat with a worried expression on his face while he tried to get the new rust off the blade with his fingernails and by rubbing it against the woodwork of the raft.

Every now and then Number Four held up the blade to the sun to see if the glitter were returning to it. Sea-Wyf noticed him doing this. She drew herself into a sitting position. She was a pathetic sight, her hair and face plastered with white salt. Bulldog still lay without moving, breathing stertorously.

For a while, Sea-Wyf watched Number Four. Then, leaning over the side, she scooped up some water and began bathing Bulldog's head. As she was doing this, Number Four crawled forward and prodded Bulldog with the hilt of the machete.

"Leave him alone," Sea-Wyf said. "He is ill."

"I want to know how this got there." Number Four pointed with the knife.

"It may have slipped down."

"No. No, it didn't. It was pushed in."

"It does not matter in any case," Sea-Wyf said. "You might as well throw the thing away. It isn't any more use."

"Sure it's useful. I show you soon. We'll be all right, you and me."

"We will all four be all right," Sea-Wyf said.

Number Four looked at her knowingly and nodded.

Sea-Wyf gave a dry cough and tried to swallow.

"Perhaps there is something left under the raft," she said to him. "Something to eat or drink."

"You want me to go see?"

"Yes, please."

Number Four nodded and smiled. Then he looked troubled. He began to put the machete into the sheath at his hip, then drew it out again.

"Don't want to spoil this."

"I'll hold it for you, if you like," Sea-Wyf said.

"You give it back?"

"Yes—or I'll keep it for you."

"Fine."

Number Four took a number of deep breaths, then he slipped head first over the side.

Bulldog would have seized the weapon from the girl or insisted upon it being thrown away, Biscuit thought. But he himself did nothing except watch her, fascinated. With the long knife in her hand she looked like a pathetic and bedraggled figure of justice.

Number Four came up with a grin on his face and a small coconut in each hand. He handed the nuts on board, and after a short rest dived again. Altogether he salvaged a dozen nuts, which had been caught up in a basket. There was no sign of any of the other stores, he said.

When Number Four came on board again, Sea-Wyf handed the machete to him, and he slit the tops off three of the nuts, cleanly and expertly. When he gave one to the girl, she raised Bulldog's head and put it to his mouth.

"Why you do that?"

"He needs it most."

"It's wasted. He's going to die."

Bulldog's eyes blinked open. He looked sombrely at Number Four, moved his lips experimentally, then slowly said: "I shall stay alive longer than you."

He closed his eyes again, and Sea-Wyf laid his head upon her lap so that her body shaded it from the sun.

"I would like a nut now, please," she said.

So they sat, drinking the milk of the coconuts and talking now and then, calmly and pleasantly, although they were in a desperate position, God knew where, and their world had been turned upside down. It was the girl's doing, keeping them so calm, Biscuit thought. She was a marvel.

The breeze fell gradually away and was succeeded by a dead calm. The ocean appeared to be literally without life. It was oily and flat, and there was a smell about it very different from that when a breeze was blowing.

Bulldog had recovered from the direct effects of his concussion, but he was weak. For that matter they all seemed to be weakening rapidly.

The storm they had been through had taken a lot out of them, and there was the disappointment of not finding an island. They felt dispirited and helpless. They sat or lay about, making their ration of three coconuts each last as long as possible, and scarcely talking at all.

Number Four tried to alter the positions which they occupied, though in a different manner from that on the first voyage. Being the fittest of them, he had made several more salvage dives. He had brought up some empty baskets which, flattened out, could be used either for bedding or shelter. He made up a sort of couch and invited Sea-Wyf to move to the place beside him.

She refused.

He looked surprised and asked why not.

"We will stay as we are," she said. "But you can share those baskets with the others."

"No, no. I don't share," he answered, suddenly furious. "And I don't give nothing to you. You always promise and you do nothing. Bad as the rest."

After that he spent most of the time squatting with his back to them all, staring out over the oily sea.

It may have been two days after this—time was hard to measure—when the others saw his body suddenly stiffen. He leaned forward excitedly. Next moment he slipped over the side without a splash.

He began to swim, not with his usual crawl, but with a careful breast stroke which scarcely ruffled the water. The others saw what he was making for. A hundred yards away a turtle was lying on the surface, apparently dead.

Number Four approached it from behind. While still some distance away, he sank like a seal. For half a minute nothing happened. Then there was a flurry and the turtle was on its back. Number Four's head broke surface, and he began carefully to push the inverted creature towards the raft. It was very much alive, its flippers frantically waving in the air.

"Pull him up. Mind he don't bite."

Biscuit obeyed automatically.

"Keep him on his back."

The turtle lay upside down on the

Guess What?

THE object on page 30 is an Italian laundering iron, for ribbons and bows. The poker-like instrument was heated up and pushed into the tube on the stand. Ribbons were passed over the hot tube to be ironed. Also known as a box gofferer, it was used widely in the second half of the last century

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PER 1328-1781-100

THIS WAY TO A SLIM FIGURE

Oh what a joy to be slim! *If only one were.* How thrilling to wear the lovely clothes that are the right of a slim figure. *If only one could.* Useless to dream? Well yes, if dreaming is the beginning and end of it. But it needn't be. A slim figure can come to everyone with a mind to possess one. Exercises of course. Clever ones are more fun than toil. Take note of the one above*. Take note, too, of Ryvita which is essential to your slimming programme. Don't waste a minute! From today on make this delicious crunchy crispbread a daily habit. Slimmer days will surely follow!

** Exercise to slim the waist. Stand erect with knees straight and stomach muscles drawn well in. Raise arms above head. Now bend slowly till torso is parallel with floor, keeping knees and back straight. Then slowly return to first position. Repeat 5 times.*

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By Appointment Ryvita Manufacturers to the late King George VI Ryvita Company Limited.

raft, working its flippers desperately and ineffectively. Its leathery neck stretched out. Its mouth opened and closed.

"Sleeping," said Number Four. "I came up underneath like this." He raised his arms, crossed above his head. "I grip his back flippers. Then——" With a sudden jerk he swung his hands in a half circle. "Pretty neat, eh?"

The turtle gulped. From one of its eyes a sticky tear escaped.

"Why did you catch the poor thing? It is no good to us," Sea-Wyf said.

"No good? Damn good. You wait."

Number Four dragged the turtle to his own section of the raft. He had his back to the others. He drew the machete, which had not been out of his possession since his disagreement with Sea-Wyf. There were several blows. Then the dark shoulders heaved and there were grunting sounds of effort.

Number Four swung round. "Look!" he exclaimed.

The turtle had been dismembered and lay slit horizontally in half. The basin-like upper shell was full of blood. The mulatto was splashed with blood all over. He crouched, grinning, with the red knife in his hand.

Bulldog whispered angrily to Biscuit: "Why did you let him come on board?"

THE hot, dead calm broke in a thunderstorm. They got quite a lot to drink while it lasted, and they filled the turtle shell almost to the brim. Of the eatable parts of the creature all which remained were two of the limbs and several dozen eggs, for it had been a female.

Biscuit and Bulldog had eaten some of the meat from the limbs. Sea-Wyf at first had refused to touch anything at all, but at last, being persuaded by Biscuit that it was her duty to look after herself so that she could then look after them, had accepted some of the eggs.

Number Four had taken his fill from the carcass indiscriminately.

This feasting went to his head. He retold a score of times the story of how he had turned the turtle. And he demonstrated with the machete how he had butchered the creature. Often he spoke of himself as the captain. He was affable in the same sort of way that he had been on the island after the finding of the knife.

The other two men found him more offensive than ever, and it was even worse for Sea-Wyf. Although Number Four did not repeat his invitation that she should share the baskets with him, he was for ever directing at her meaning glances which she found it difficult to ignore.

Since they had no way of controlling the raft, they did not keep watches in the ordinary sense. But one or other of them was always occupied in holding the turtle shell, for otherwise the water would have spilled.

It was particularly irksome to be wakened in the night and have to nurse the precious chalice for an estimated period of two hours. Besides the necessity of keeping still there was the almost intolerable temptation to drink, and this was an additional cause of strain and friction.

One morning Bulldog said that the shell was less full than it had been at nightfall. Their ration was measured with a half coconut shell and handed out at sunset, so none should have gone in the night. They all denied having spilled any.

"Then it has been drunk," Bulldog said.

No one answered, but the remark was remembered by them all throughout the long heat of the day.

In the evening Bulldog gave some of his own ration of water to Sea-Wyf and Biscuit.

Next morning they all looked very carefully at what remained of the water in the shell. Nothing was said. But at sunset Bulldog made the same offer as on the previous evening.

Sea-Wyf refused. "You are still having headaches. You need it more than any of us," she said.

Number Four sat gloomily watching them. "You going to give some to the captain?" he asked.

"I think you have had enough," Bulldog answered.

"Enough? I'm biggest."

"You manage very well," Bulldog said.

Number Four considered this. Suddenly he shouted, "You think I stole water?"

"I never said so," Bulldog answered. "You are accusing yourself."

"Nobody accuses anybody," Sea-Wyf said. She was holding the turtle shell in her hands and her face was drawn with anxiety.

Number Four and Bulldog took no notice of her. They sat facing each other, a couple of yards apart.

It was not dark, although the sun had set, for the whole ocean glowed with phosphorescence. No waves broke except those which struck the raft, but here they seemed to burst into many-coloured flames.

"You never said it, but you meant it." Number Four's voice rose to a rasping croak. "You're afraid of me. You do things behind my back. You never touched the machete, eh? You hid it under the raft. You wanted to sail on and leave me when I swam for the paddle. I saw you. You've been against me all along. But I'm clever."

"For God's sake, be quiet. Your voice jars," Bulldog said. His own voice was as harsh as a saw cutting a dry bone.

"You'll not get the better of me. I know who you are. I can break you for trying to kill me. If I have to wait twenty years——"

Sea-Wyf leaned towards Biscuit.

"Stop them. I can't," she whispered.

She had appealed to him. Since the island—before that—he had wanted to do something noteworthy for her sake. He had pictured himself saving her from a shark—that sort of thing. What could he do now? Those two were quarrelling like bad-tempered children, and Number Four had drawn the machete.

Biscuit cleared his throat. "If you want to know who took the water, it was me," he said as loudly as he could.

The other two men stopped talking at once and turned on him.

"At least, I spilled it," he added. "Do what you like tomorrow, but now let's get some sleep."

They were all sitting bolt upright, their faces lighted by the extraordinary glow from the sea. And they were all working their lips and swallowing.

Number Four gave a triumphant laugh. "Sure, let's sleep," he said. "I didn't start the trouble." He said it to the girl.

Gradually they relaxed. The men lay down. Sea-Wyf remained upright, holding the shell of water in her lap. She was motionless and statuesque—like a figure on a fountain, Biscuit thought, a fountain illuminated by fairy lights.

The phosphorescent glow had increased. The ocean was a vast bowl full of molten stars—lovely with an awe-inspiring loveliness. The only sound was of little waves which chattered against the raft, throwing up tongues of flame.

CAUTIOUSLY, Biscuit raised his head. Both the other men were lying in positions which enabled them to watch the girl. It was impossible to be certain that Bulldog's eyes were open, but those of Number Four glowed like pearls. He seemed peaceful, however. Biscuit thought, we shall be all right if they will only relax, go to sleep—it's this extraordinary night.

He lowered his head again. Sea-Wyf had remained absolutely still, the focal point of a lambently glowing world. Above, the clear sky seemed black. Under this sombre covering the raft with the starved and nerve-racked people on it floated in flames.

"My turn now!" Number Four suddenly said.

Biscuit and Bulldog were sitting up stiffly in a moment.

"My turn to watch the water."

He reached out his arms towards Sea-Wyf, still holding the knife. She passed the shell to him. As he took it

from her she drew her breath in quickly and flicked her fingers.

"What's wrong?" Number Four asked.

"You cut me. Please put that thing away."

Balancing the shell in one hand, the mulatto replaced the machete in the sheath at his hip. Then he extended his free arm. "Let me see," he said.

He took her hand, pulling her off balance so that she fell on her knees. He examined the bleeding finger then put it to his lips.

"Now I have drunk your blood," he said softly.

"Be careful with the water," Sea-Wyf said.

Slowly they composed themselves again. Now the big, dark torso and the black head were the focus of the glow.

Two hours—how could one judge two hours? The stars had shrunk and faded. Number Four was harmless while he held the shell. But waiting was intolerable. Biscuit had almost decided to claim his turn when, without a word, Number Four handed him the water.

Again they composed themselves, for they had all started up even at this slight movement

Biscuit sat with the shell in his hands, the other three lying close by him. The phosphorescent light had increased so much that he could see them all clearly. But how weird they seemed in that multi-coloured glow!

There was a movement beside him. Number Four was crawling towards Sea-Wyf with the strange, lop-sided action of a wounded animal.

Biscuit placed the shell on the deck, but still supported it with his hands. He saw Bulldog stiffen. There was murder in his face. Sea-Wyf was the only one who did not move.

"You know what it means?" Number Four asked in a harsh whisper.

"What?"

"That I drank your blood."

There was a moment of silence, and then the girl said calmly: "Please go back to your place."

"If you come with me," he whispered.

"Go back to your place."

Number Four rose, balancing on his one leg. His arms dropped over her, fingers extended. "Come with me."

"Go back to your place," she repeated breathlessly.

"Come with me," he said again. Then he added something in a strange language and leaned towards her.

Swiftly the girl came up and thrust against his chest. He staggered back. Bulldog was on his feet. There was a violent movement. The raft tilted and there was a splash. The water blazed.

NUMBER FOUR came to the surface and held on to the raft. Bulldog snatched up a stick which he must have worked loose from one of the faggots. He struck at the hands which grasped the raft. Number Four grunted and backed away. He trod water, the sea burning round him.

"Sea-Wyf," he called urgently.

She did not answer.

"Sea-Wyf, listen here. Don't you know what it means to drink a person's blood? It means faithfulness. I'll die before I hurt you. You're the one person that's been good to me."

"Take no notice," Bulldog said in a low, savage whisper. "He wanted you. He meant to kill Biscuit and me. He'd have grown strong eating us."

"Sea-Wyf," Number Four called again. They saw him pause and lap some sea water to ease his throat. "Sea-Wyf, I'll do what you said. I never broke a promise. No violence. They'll be O.K.—those poor men—on the raft. And afterwards—it'll be legal. Legal only."

"Let him on board," Sea-Wyf pleaded.

Bulldog thrust her aside. He waved his stick at Number Four. "Get away, you swine," he screamed. "You said you can't drown. Then swim!"

Number Four came slowly towards

Ray's a smile with Gibbs!

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WYBMABIITY — WHAT'S THAT MEAN? *Will You Buy Me A Beer If I Tell You? Yes. Will You Buy Me A Beer If I Tell You? Yes! Will . . . oh, work it out for yourself — but don't forget that beer!*

THIS BEATS THE BAND! *At least, she hopes it will. Though she's not one to blow her own trumpet. One thing's certain — this is thirsty work. It calls for a thirst-quenching drink, and that means beer. A sparkling light ale or a smooth mellow brown for her. And the men? Pints of draught, all round.*

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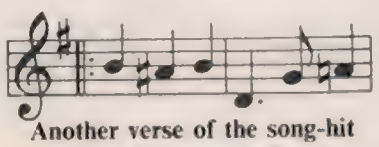

Another verse of the song-hit
'Good Wholesome Beer'

Trumpeters toot for it
Tubas go 'hoot' for it
Flautists all flute for it

Good wholesome beer

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Good wholesome beer

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Even in 1066 The Local was a Good Thing. And a few centuries later, Dr. Johnson (who was by no means easily pleased) fairly spread himself on the subject :—" There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." We go along with that. In fact, we'd go so far as to say that the beer you get at The Local is the best long drink in the world!

PUSHING THE BOAT OUT? *No, he's just dropped in at The Local to show his latest handiwork and have a quiet glass of beer with his friends. Sailors* do *care, you know — for beer.*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BERTRAM FOLLETT

ISSUED BY THE BREWERS' SOCIETY · 42 PORTMAN SQUARE · LONDON · W.I.

the raft, only his head showing. Bulldog crouched, waiting with the stick in his hand.

Number Four raised his right arm. The machete was in his hand and it seemed to drip with fire.

"Let me on board," he said.

"Get off. Swim to Africa where your slave ancestors come from," Bulldog shouted.

Number Four trod water, a collar of fire illuminating his face. Then his head sank slowly below the surface.

"You *must* let him on board. He'll drown. He is harmless as a child. It's just bravado. Please let him on board." Sea-Wyf was weeping.

Bulldog ignored her. He was waiting for Number Four to come up.

"Give me the water," Sea-Wyf said to Biscuit, suddenly determined. "Now hold him. Take that stick——"

She stopped short. They had all felt a strange vibration under the raft. Biscuit stooped to touch one of the lashings and it came free in his hand. They felt another and another being cut.

Then Number Four surfaced, out of reach. He regained his breath. "You let me on board?" he asked.

"No! Swim off!" Bulldog shouted.

Number Four dived again, and again they felt the vibration of lashings being cut.

"If you won't let him on board from pity, do it for your life," Sea-Wyf cried. "He will drown us all."

"Not he! He can't cut the chains," said Bulldog.

There was something wrong with that, Biscuit thought, even as Bulldog spoke. But at the moment his troubled brain did not know what it was.

Number Four dived three times. On the fourth occasion he came up on a different side, close to the raft. He got his left arm on board. Bulldog leaped towards him. The machete flashed. Bulldog jumped aside and struck. Number Four vanished. The machete remained, quivering and buried deep in the woodwork.

NUMBER FOUR came to the surface ten yards away. There was a savage majesty in his expression lit by the shimmering fire.

"I curse you," he said. Then he lapsed into what sounded like the same strange language he had used only a few minutes earlier on the raft.

None of them answered him. Although he was now harmless they all felt afraid.

Number Four began to swim away, leaving a line of fire behind him. Then he stopped and called: "Sea-Wyf."

She was on her knees, sobbing. Her lips moved but no sound came out. She struggled up and would have thrown herself into the water if the others had not held her.

Number Four swam on. Even when they lost sight of his head they could see his burning wake, and again and again they heard him call out: "Sea-Wyf," each time more despairingly.

They could not say when they last heard the call, for it remained ringing in their ears; and until morning, when the phosphorescence faded, every disturbance of the water seemed to be made by Number Four.

To be concluded next week

THE ARCHBISHOP PREACHES 'OUT WITH THE BRITISH'

Continued from page 22

days' sailing distance away? The thing would not work out. But Greek Cypriots are not interested in what will or will not "work out." I never met a single one to whom it had occurred to descend to this sordid level of detail. For them, Enosis was like the Kingdom of Heaven, the eternal moment when they would step at last into their great Hellenic heritage. And only they can know just how roseate is that vision.

"Every Greek, in his heart of hearts," a Cypriot schoolmaster confided one evening in Nicosia, "dreams of the day when we Greeks will return again to Constantinople. . . ."

Byron, possibly, would have understood.

With the moral and physical support of Byron, Canning and the British fleet, Greece herself was delivered from the Turks, resurrected, born again. Through those same British, the Greeks of Cyprus chafe in "subjection," denied their rightful share in the Motherland's glory. They find this bewildering. They are hurt.

For these and other reasons, there is a weird duality in the relations of ordinary Englishmen and ordinary Greek Cypriots. Athens Radio pours forth its turgid stream of high-flown incitements to revolution. Cypriots make resounding declarations of their determination to pour out their life's blood in the undying struggle against the Tyrant.

A stranger might imagine that every gutter in Greece and Cyprus was piled with the bleeding corpses of massacred Englishmen. In fact, despite the bombs the tone is much more one of sorrowful remonstrance . . . "more in sorrow than in anger."

I shall long remember the day I spent in the small vine-growing village of Kolokhoria, two thousand feet up in the rugged Troödos Mountains. It was the first Monday in Lent, which it is the custom of Greek Cypriots to inaugurate —they call it "cutting the nose of Lent"—with a day of vegetarian, but not non-alcoholic, merrymaking. Everywhere along the road as we travelled up from Limassol we saw people—townsmen and villagers alike —picnicking in the fields and under trees. The wine flowed freely.

As we ground up the steep mountain road, precipitous drops on one side, russet-coloured vine-studded hillsides soaring on the other, our Cypriot companion cautioned us to be circumspect in any references to Enosis. The day, he pointed out, was advancing; the empty bottles were accumulating. At such a time, villagers were apt to be a little excitable.

He need not have worried. As we came into the villages, festivities were in full swing. Tables, decked with food and drinks, were ranged beside the narrow road that straggled past the little church up the mountainside. In carnival caps and their best clothes, the villagers wandered, glasses in hand, all over the village.

A lean brown man with dark fiery eyes came forward to greet us. He was, it seemed, the chairman of the local wine-growing society. For from its terraced, potash-rich hillsides, Kolokhoria produces half the island's output of Commandaria, the nectar of Zeus, the Crusaders' drink—so called, it is said, because it was formerly restricted to the highest classes on the island, "commanders" of the knightly order and above.

Our new friend had chairs brought into his little office by the roadside and sent out for coffee. Half the village crowded round the open door, looking on. Someone pushed forward a youth who spoke excellent English. He had, it emerged, worked as a waiter in Charlotte Street, London.

Wine Lured Turks

I asked the chairman how long Kolokhoria had been growing vines.

"Since the creation of the world," he replied, immediately and with conviction. Kolokhoria, he said, indeed grew the best Commandaria in the whole island. Of course, we knew, did we not, that it was because of Commandaria that the Turks had come to Cyprus? For when, by the merest chance, a bottle of this nectar of Zeus had come into the hands of a certain pasha in Turkey, he had been so overcome with delight that he had immediately given orders that the island should be secured forthwith for the Turkish empire.

It was not we who brought up the little matter of Enosis. It rarely is: it was a topic that had a habit of suddenly leaping up in all conversations with Greek Cypriots. The chairman's observations were forceful and to the point.

"Liberty," he said, fixing us with

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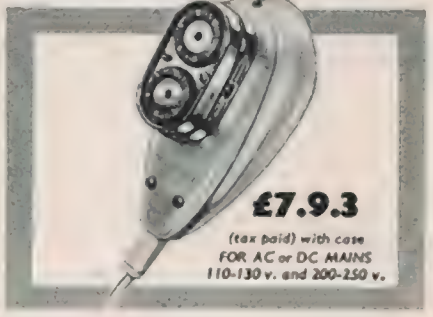
"Perhaps I ought to invest in one myself, Dickie."

"No 'perhaps', old man. A 'Philishave's' a definite 'must'!"



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Wash (not soak) the feet in tepid water. Then dry, and dab cotton-wool soaked in T.C.P. all over the feet and ankles for a few minutes. This quickly relieves the soreness, and helps to reduce the swelling.

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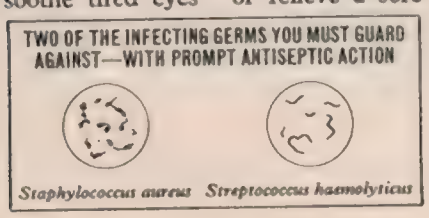
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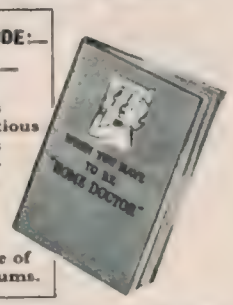

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those dark, burning eyes, "is the Christian doctrine. Liberty is the only answer to Communism. As long as there are slaves in the world, there will be wars. Now, Germany, who fought against you, who bred Nazism, has her freedom. What sin have we Cypriots committed that we are still subjugated?"

He thrust forward a long lean hand.

"Let me ask you one question. Is there any other white race, any other European race, anywhere on this earth, which is still enslaved as we are? I wish to have an answer."

Outside, in their fancy hats, glasses in their hands, the villagers watched us, curiously, filling the doorway. They burst in now and, rescuing us from their chairman's inquisition, bore us off down the street. I noticed as we went that the whole side of a house was covered with black painted Enosis slogans. A villager, intercepting my glance, put out a hand to halt us.

"Yes! yes! Stop, must read!" he said, excitedly, and went off down the road, none too steadily, to find the interpreter.

The others crowded around, imprisoning us. The situation looked a little unhealthy.

The interpreter was led up and, with some reluctance, began to translate the slogans off the wall. By this time most of them struck a fairly familiar note. "*Oxi!*" "No!" (to the offer of a Constitution). "Enosis or Death! Down With The English Tyrants! Englishmen, Go Home!" and so forth.

The reading concluded, I was slapped cheerfully on the back.

"Now," they beamed. "Welcome! Welcome as a friend if not as a ruler! For do not think we are anti-British. Come! You must have a drink with us at once."

We Drink To Enosis

We were borne along in the crowd to a group of chairs by the roadside, the inevitable, universal, omnipresent Cyprus chairs. Glasses were thrust into our hands. We had a drink. We had several drinks. People kept pushing through the crowd to offer us plates of nuts or fruit or to wring our hands and assure us of their undying friendship. An old man, who said he had been in the British Army, proudly aired his six or seven words of English.

At the end, we were led in the growing darkness up the hillside to the big building where the village's Commandaria was made, matured and stored. Villagers held up storm lanterns while we peered into the great vats. More people kept arriving to shake our hands. Then an armful of bottles of Commandaria was produced.

"A toast!" a dozen villagers shouted. "*Zeto Enosis!* To our Freedom Day! *Eleftheria!*"

We drank the thick sweet purple liquid.

"Tell them in London," they said. "Tell them to give us our freedom!"

It was only with great difficulty that we got away. They pressed us to stay to dinner; to stay the night; to stay a week. They thrust bottles of Commandaria upon us. After we had managed to get into the car it was some minutes before the driver could safely let the clutch out. The last we saw of Kolokhoria was the children, running alongside the car in the darkness, shrilling "*Zeto Enosis! Zeto Enosis!*" and waving.

"Sinister Threats"

British spokesmen are never tired of pointing out that the Enosis movement is the child of the Orthodox Church. The archbishop is intransigent, the bishops are zealots, the parish priests tireless in fanning the flames. Cypriots lacking in enthusiasm, it is hinted, come under all manner of hidden and sinister pressures. And that, it is implied, is why "reasonable elements" among the Greek Cypriots, willing to work with us, can—except for civil servants—almost be counted on the fingers of the hands.

If this is true—and certainly from the moment that the bishops came to meet Sir Garnet Wolseley when he landed in 1878, the church *has* been the core of the movement—it nevertheless begs the question. For how to distinguish between a Greek Cypriot and his church? A Greek, they say, does not "enter" the Orthodox Church; he is born into it. At every stage of his life, he must resort to it. He cannot imagine life without it.

Civil marriage does not even exist in Cyprus. The Greek Cypriot secondary schools are mainly financed and controlled by the Church. And the archbishop himself, as His Beatitude is always careful to point out to foreign interviewers, is not only the spiritual but also the national leader of his people, their ethnarch.

The Turks, when they came to Cyprus, recognized this position and, in fact, set the Church to collect their taxes: an arrangement which worked out very nicely for both parties. We, the British, declined to recognize it. But it did not on that account cease to exist.

Politics In Church

In the antique hierarchic oligarchy of the "Holy Orthodox Catholic Apostolic Eastern Church," with its fourteen self-governing branches, the Archbishop of Cyprus occupies a lofty position. He ranks fifth in order of precedence, and above the Archbishop of Athens.

Despite a richly archaic flavour, his office is very far from being a merely ceremonial one. The archbishop is in fact elected, indirectly, by his whole people. He fights the election on national slogans; there are "Left Wing" archbishops and "Right Wing" archbishops. Makarios III, son of a peasant from a village near Paphos (where Aphrodite was born of the foam), product of the village school, the Pancyprian Gymnasium in Nicosia, and Athens University, is reputed a Rightist; but his predecessor was well to the left.

Makarios heads a "government" in the form of the "Office of the Ethnarchy" with an Ethnarchy Council and executive committee, including many prominent representative laymen appointed by himself. There is also a "Pancyprian National Assembly" of five hundred elected members.

The Greek Orthodox Church of Cyprus has, in fact, continued to enjoy powers long ago surrendered by the Greek Orthodox Church of Greece. Were Enosis to be realized the archbishop might expect to find his own position greatly diminished.

Subtle And Elusive

He is a strange and impressive young man—for despite the full black beard, now streaked in the middle with grey, he is only forty-two. He speaks smoothly and fluently in a soft, almost seductive voice, watching his interviewer all the while out of bright narrow eyes. One has the sensation of being caught up in the involutions of a subtle and elusive mind.

"I do not know," he says mildly, "whether the strategic value of Cyprus is great or small. But I do know this—that a base is only of value if friendly." He touches his beard gently. "I am sorry to say that in Cyprus today the environment is *not* friendly."

One is conscious of a certain lack of directness, an artificiality as if the priest were still half behind the screen. Perhaps it is because, though he knows English well, he insists on giving interviews in Greek. For occasionally when an odd English phrase slips out . . . "I forget the name of the organization" . . . one has, just for a moment, the feeling of contact.

"With real understanding on the British side," he went on, "I am sure that the question of the base could be quickly solved." Rather apologetically—one felt bound to be apologetic in the presence of such moral superiority—I raised the question of the geographical position of Cyprus, six hundred miles from Greece, but just under the lee of Turkey.

The archbishop scarcely paused. "If we are to take geographical considerations into account," he said, swiftly, "we shall arrive at some very ludicrous conclusions." The white teeth flashed briefly behind the black beard.

A faint odour of incense hung about the room. The archbishop sat at a big

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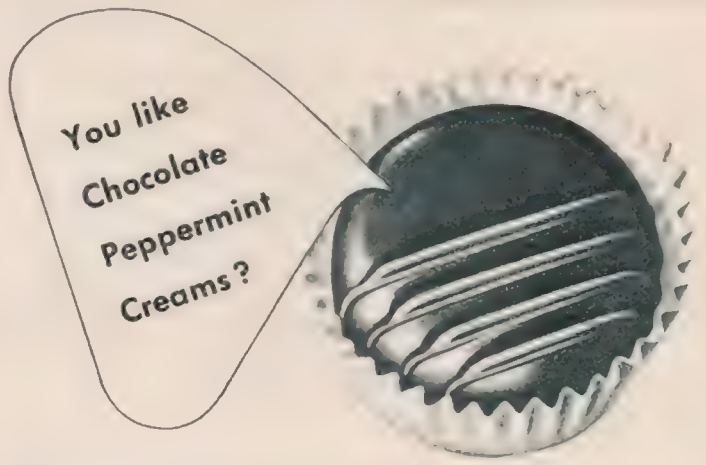

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The Fishermen's Walk. It's all fun now; once it helped the needy

The day for their best petticoats

ALEXANDER CRAIG was sixty-two when he won the sack race at the sports which follow the Fishermen's Walk at Fisherrow, near Edinburgh. "That was in 1952," he says. "It was a race for the sixty to sixty-fives. We started lying on our backs, jumped up, climbed into the sacks and ran fifty yards."

Craig was a fisherman for thirty years; now he runs a ships' chandler's business in New Street. "We have events for everyone from the three-year-olds to the over-seventies," he says.

The tradesmen give goods for prizes — cakes from the bakers; meat from the butchers. Corrie's Drapery used to give a pair of handmade trousers to the winner of the over-seventies event.

The Fishermen's Walk, at the end of the summer fishing season, is thought to be at least 250 years old. Fishermen used to contribute to "The Box" of the Fishermen's Walk Society in the days before old age pensions. When they retired they were given three to four shillings a week. The Box had three locks, and three men were appointed as Keymen of the Box, which was kept by an annually elected Box-master.

Nowadays, the Fishermen's Walk is pure enjoyment. It is held on the second Friday in September, and Fisherrow's fleet of a score of fishing boats—fifty-foot, fourteen-ton motor skiffs—always strives to be back in port by then.

Only the fisherfolk who live in the Backsides of Fisherrow—near the harbour, around New Street, Cairds Row, Beach Lane and Fishers' Wynd—can take part. Men and women walk separately; a brass band leads the men, and a pipe band the women.

The men are forbidden to wear collar and tie. They dress in their blue jerseys, caps and blue suits. The fishwives wear multi-coloured handwoven shawls, heavy-striped petticoats, turned back overdresses, and gay blouses. It is a great change from their normal working dress—black shawl, black blouse and huge black skirt.

At one o'clock in the afternoon the Walk begins near the Old Men's Club, a tiny stone cottage in New Street. About two hundred people pass through Fisherrow to the grounds of Pinkie House for the sports, Scottish dancing, tug o' war between boat crews and high tea.

In the evening there is a dance —fisher dress only.

Best known of all the walkers is Libbie Langlands, who carries on a pole her fishwife doll, Betty Langlands. They wear identical finery. Betty Langlands is sixty-five years old—thirteen years younger than her owner.

desk of local wood, elaborately carved across its front by island craftsmen. A small radio stood at his elbow. For despite all the archaic trappings Makarios III is a modern minded man. As a young priest he studied sociology on a World Council of Churches scholarship at Boston University. He has a good grasp of economics and for some time has been working to modernize the antiquated and complex finances of his church.

The interview ranged far and wide, over education and trade unions and finance and the danger of Communism and the failure of the British to find a market for Cypriot onions. But always he would return to his one simple text: the denial of the right of self-determination. "All we ask is the opportunity to decide our own future."

"Violence?" The smooth flow of words was not checked. "I cannot say that it may not come to that. . . ."

The tone is academic, but deceptive. For Makarios is an astute and accomplished practical politician. In his five years in office, this peasant's son—one brother still works as a driver on the island, the other as a printer—has done more for the Enosis cause than all his predecessors put together.

A tireless lobbyist, he is for ever in motion about the world, from Nicosia to Athens, from Athens to the Arab countries, from them to Great Britain and the United States, grinding the axe of Enosis. It was his achievement to bring the Greek Government directly into the case, thus changing its whole complexion. By his efforts he has made Enosis a leading issue of Greek politics.

In Cyprus he organized—an adroit stroke of propaganda—a plebiscite which revealed a 95.7 per cent majority for Enosis. At Lake Success, he swung the United States spotlight boldly on the self-determination issue. From New Jersey to Detroit and beyond he has enlisted thousands of Greek Americans in a "Justice for Cyprus" organization.

On the level of the pure principle of self-determination—on which he is astute enough to insist on remaining—the archbishop and his followers have a case of great moral strength. It is indeed unanswerable.

But, as the world has had ample opportunity to discover since President Wilson proclaimed his Fourteen Points, there *are* one or two other little matters. In this case, there is the matter, for instance, of the critical strategic position of Cyprus, where the chaos which might follow a change of régime could endanger the stability of all the Middle East. There is the little matter of the Cypriot Communists, who run the only solidly organized secular political party in the island. There are the island's Turks, who have their own ideas on the subject of self-determination. And the obstinate facts of geography.

I got talking one day to a Turkish soldier, an auxiliary with the British forces. He was a cheerful, chunky, rudimentary Turk, his fragments of English fired off in short, sharp bursts. If one stood on the north coast of Cyprus on a still day, he told me solemnly, one could hear the dogs barking in Turkey. He cupped his ear to reinforce the point. However that may be, from Kyrenia on a clear day one can see every headland on the Turkish shore, forty miles across the water.

The Turk—who had once been to England with the old Cyprus Regiment —went on to tell me robustly that Cyprus had once belonged to his country. "Turks go away, more Greeks come. Now Enosis!"

Yes, of course, there were only 90,000 Turks on the island to its 400,000 Greeks. He grinned broadly. "But one Turk can take on any ten Greeks."

Turkish Influence

And certainly if the island bears the marks of its ancient Greek heritage, there are hardly fewer reminders of the three centuries of Turkish occupation. Balconied old Turkish houses overhang the narrow streets; austere old gentlemen stalk beneath them. The island's measure of land, the "donum," its name for the village headman, the "mukhtar," are as Turkish as its pastrycooks with their immense round trays of flaky syrupy sweets, as the imams calling the faithful to prayer from the minarets, or the yoghourt sellers crying their wares through the streets.

In the somnolent old town of Famagusta—as distinct from the booming new city beyond the walls—one may sit in the square opposite the Ay Sophia mosque, and, as the narghiles bubble in the coffee houses that surround it and the rotund old gentlemen gravely converse, imagine oneself in Old Turkey.

The Turks own something like one-third of the land in Cyprus and, individually, in the mixed villages, they are generally the biggest landowners. But this position they owe to their past; for whereas the Turks of Turkey shook off the burden of their imperial history, the Turks of Cyprus seem to have vegetated, content to live off their ample fat. Bit by bit, they sold off their lands to Greeks and others. And it is today generally possible to distinguish a Turkish village by its air of relative disorder and somnolence. In Nicosia an Armenian shopkeeper told me that when he had first arrived there all the shops on his street had been Turkish. Now they were all Armenian, Greek and Jewish.

Battle Of Rivals

But today, very belatedly, after leaving politics to their Greek fellow-islanders for over half a century, the Turks are waking up. The blue-and-white flag of Greece fluttering from all the church towers on Sunday is now answered by the red star-and-crescent flag of Turkey, waving from the minarets and village flagpoles on Fridays.

Greek Enosis slogans are answered by Turk anti-Enosis slogans. On a white parapet on the Kyrenia road *"Zeto Enosis!"* had been converted to *"Kato Enosis!"* night after night for weeks. And the taxi-drivers were in frequent difficulties because Greek street names were always being changed to Turkish street names or vice versa because the area was claimed to be "Turkish" or vice versa.

As the archbishop is the titular leader of the Greek community so is the mufti of the Turkish. And the contrast between the two men, both in many ways representatives of their peoples, is sharply indicative of the depth of the temperamental and ideological cleavage between the two communities.

The mufti, Mehmet Dana, whom I

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met at the offices of the Evcaf, the body which supervises the Moslem community, administers its charities, the sharia courts and so on, is a grave elderly man with that air of austerity and "no nonsense" directness often found in strict Moslems. He spoke slowly and very deliberately.

"The Greek people," he said, "are unfortunately a people who act according to their feelings rather than their reason. They cannot control their passions and are therefore very easily misled. . . ."

The strong face of Kemal Ataturk, of Ismet Inonu, and Turkey's present president, Celal Bayar, frowned down from their frames on the wall.

The Turks, went on the mufti, could not feel secure under a Greek administration, and he proceeded to recite the statistics of Turkish decline under the Greeks from the case of Crete, transferred in 1897 to the Dodecanese which the Italians handed over in 1946. "Turks," the mufti reminded me, "are not people to abandon their homes and their fields without cause. . . ."

In any case, he said, the Greek majority in Cyprus was only a recent affair. In 1790 there had been 60,000 Turks to 20,000 Greeks; in 1896 the Turks were still a third of the total population. The Greek majority was in fact largely derived from immigrants who had been brought over with the help of the Greek Church. A lot of them had lived in the island for only fifty or fifty-five years. That, said the mufti gravely, did not give them the right to change the sovereignty of Cyprus.

"We believe," he said "that Enosis will bring destruction to the Turkish community and poverty to the island."

Danger To Peace?

As the archbishop flies to Athens for support, the mufti these days slips across to Istambul. From the youngest to the oldest, he reports, the Turks of Turkey are passionately insistent that if the sovereignty of Cyprus is to be changed, justice and national security alike dictate its return to Turkey, its former owner.

It is thus all too evident that the peace-shattering potentialities of this small island extend far beyond its own idyllic shores.

The bringing together of those two ancient enemies, Greece and Turkey, in Nato, marked another step in the consolidation of the Eastern Mediterranean. Now, through the growing racial feud in Cyprus, through the increasingly entrenched position of the two countries in their rival claims, all the old rancour all the old bitter memories could be revived.

It is significant that the increasing activity of the Greek Cypriot terrorist underground organization Eoka has already been met by the appearance of a Turkish "underground," Kitemb. The possibilities of racial warfare on a small island like Cyprus are too horrible to contemplate.

Certainly men would never have died with less reason. For the differences between the contestants are those of emphasis rather than of fundamentals. As Archbishop Makarios himself underlined to me: "We wish to make it clear that we belong to the Western world. We would like to be interested in the defence of the West—but as free men, not as slaves."

This is a sentiment with which I would agree. But agreement turns on one's understanding of just what is involved, in this atomic age, in being "free men."

Compromise Scorned

The British have tended to see only the strategic importance of the island. They describe the Greek Cypriots as "emotional"—which of course they are—and, because of that they have, characteristically, tended all the time to brush them aside as "childish."

There could be no more disastrous attitude. Children, as parents know, can, on occasion, be devastatingly destructive.

The Greek Cypriot leaders—which these days largely means the archbishop—have on the other hand eyes only for the dazzling vision of union with Greece. They loftily reject, out of hand, all attempts at compromise. They scorn the possibility of steadily-growing Cypriot independence.

The Turks, the latest party to the conflict, if slow to awake, are proud and unyielding and slow to forget. There is an impressive record of Turkish-Greek massacre.

Can these conflicting lines of vision be somehow brought to a focus—before it is too late? Can the British, for instance, manage to be a little more imaginative, the Greeks a little more down-to-earth and in-this-world?

Is it still possible to find some new approach whereby the greater vision of a stable, developing Middle East, advancing the prospects of the whole human kind, may prevail over lesser considerations of national prestige and ambition?

NEXT WEEK: Harry Hopkins asks: "Have we been fair to Cyprus?"

WAS THE ATOM BOMB NECESSARY?

Continued from page 13

Hopkins, as the American President's personal envoy, flew to Moscow for discussions with Stalin about the future. During their third meeting, Stalin brought up the question of Japan. At the Yalta Conference in February, he had undertaken to join in the war against Japan on condition that Russia got the Kurile Islands, the whole of Sakhalin and a controlling position in Manchuria.

He now informed Hopkins that his reinforced armies in the Far East would be deployed by August 8 for attack on the Japanese front in Manchuria. He went on to say that if the allies stuck to their demand for "unconditional surrender" the Japanese would fight to the bitter end, whereas a modification of it would encourage them to yield—and the allies could then impose their will and obtain substantially the same results.

He also emphasized that Russia expected to be given a share in the actual occupation. It was in the course of this discussion that he revealed that "peace feelers" were being "put out by certain elements in Japan"—but did not make it clear that they were official approaches through the ambassadors.

Meanwhile the Japanese had been fighting desperately to hold Okinawa, and it was not finally cleared until mid-June, at a cost of 49,000 American casualties. Out of the island's large garrison only seven thousand Japanese soldiers surrendered, while 110,000 had fought to the death.

When resistance became hopeless, many who were not killed in action preferred suicide to surrender—officers committing formal *hara-kiri* with their swords, and men blowing themselves to pieces with grenades pressed against their stomachs. Throughout the struggle, tremendous air battles raged overhead — Japanese pilots making continual *Kamikaze* (suicide) attacks, in which many American ships were sunk or destroyed.

But the fate of the island had been sealed in the first week of the battle, when Japan's last and most modern battleship, the Yamato, had been sunk by American aircraft on April 7 after sallying forth from Japan in an attempt to intervene. This was a forlorn hope, for there were no aircraft carriers left to escort the Yamato after the loss of four in the October battle off the Philippines.

Long before the end of the struggle on Okinawa the issue was certain. It was also evident that once the island was captured the Americans would be able to intensify their air bombardment of Japan itself, as the airfields there were less than four hundred miles from Japan—barely a quarter of the distance from the Marianas.

Terrific damage had already been inflicted by the bombing attacks from the Marianas—the effect being much increased since the spring, when the Americans largely changed over from high-altitude attacks in daylight with

high explosive to lower-level night-time attacks with incendiary bombs. In a single night's attack, on March 9, over 1,600 tons of incendiary bombs were dropped on the capital, Tokyo, and some fifteen square miles of the city were burned out, while 185,000 people were killed or injured. By the end of May, three million of Tokyo's population were homeless, and by August over nine million altogether in the sixty-six cities selected for destruction.

The hopelessness of the situation was plain to any strategical mind, and particularly to a naval mind such as Suzuki's, admiral and Prime Minister—even allowing for his anti-war views, which had led to his life being threatened by the military extremists as far back as 1936. But he and his peace-seeking cabinet were entangled in a knotty problem.

Eager as they were for peace, acceptance of the allies' demand for "unconditional surrender" would appear like a betrayal of the forces in the field, who were so willing to fight to the death. The troops might refuse to obey a "cease fire" order if the terms were abjectly humiliating—particularly if there was any demand for the removal of the Emperor, who in their eyes was not only their sovereign but also divine.

It was the Emperor himself who moved to cut the knot. On June 20, he summoned to a conference the six members of the Inner Cabinet, the Supreme War Direction Council, and told them: "You will consider the question of ending the war as soon as possible."

All six members of the Council were in agreement on this score, but while the Prime Minister, the Foreign Minister and the Navy Minister were prepared to make unconditional surrender, the other three—the Army Minister and the army and navy Chiefs of Staff—argued for continued resistance until some mitigating conditions were obtained.

Eventually it was decided that Prince Konoye should be sent on a mission to Moscow to negotiate for peace—and the Emperor privately gave him instructions to secure peace at any price.

The message reached Stalin just as he was setting off for the Potsdam Conference. He sent a chilly reply that the proposal was not definite enough for him to take action or agree to receiving the mission. This time, however, he told Churchill of the approach, and Churchill told Truman —tentatively suggesting that it might be wise to modify the rigid demand for "unconditional surrender."

A fortnight later the Japanese Government sent a further message to Stalin, trying to make still clearer the purpose of the mission, but received a similar negative reply. Meanwhile, Churchill's government had been defeated at the General Election in Britain, so that Attlee and Bevin had repiaced Churchill and Eden at Potsdam when, on July 28, Stalin told the conference of this further approach.

The Americans, however, were already aware of Japan's desire to end the war, for their intelligence service had intercepted and read—by the cipher-breaking means called "Magic"—the messages from the Japanese Foreign Minister to the ambassador in Moscow.

But President Truman and most of his chief advisers—particularly Henry Lewis Stimson and General Marshall, the U.S. Army Chief of Staff—were now as intent on using the atomic bomb to accelerate Japan's collapse as Stalin was on entering the war against Japan before it ended, in order to gain an advantageous position in the Far East.

"Dark Age Ethics"

There were some who felt more doubts than Churchill shows in his memoirs. Among them was Admiral Leahy, Chief of Staff to President Roosevelt and President Truman successively. He recoiled from the idea of employing such a weapon against the civilian population—"My own feeling was that, in being the first to use it, we had adopted an ethical standard common to the barbarians of the Dark Age. I was not taught to make war in that fashion, and wars cannot be won by destroying women and children." The year before, he had protested to Roosevelt against a proposal to use bacteriological weapons.

The atomic scientists themselves were divided in their views. Dr. Vannevar Bush had played a leading part in gaining Roosevelt's and Stimson's support for the atomic weapon, while Lord Cherwell (formerly Professor Lindemann), Churchill's personal adviser on scientific matters, was also a leading advocate of it.

It was thus not surprising that when Stimson appointed a committee under Bush in the spring of 1945 to consider the question of using the weapon against Japan, it strongly recommended that the bomb should be used as soon as possible, and without any advance warning of its nature—for fear that the

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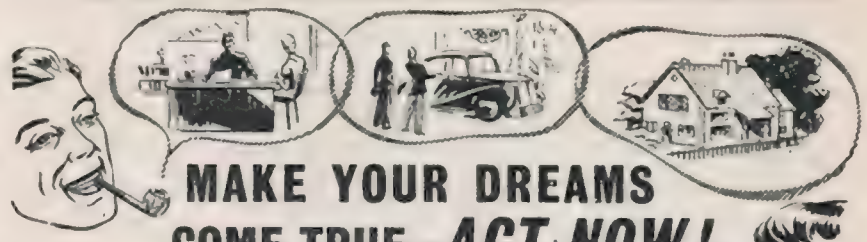

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bomb might prove "a dud," as Stimson later explained.

In contrast, another group of atomic scientists headed by Professor James Franck presented a report to Stimson soon afterwards, in the later part of June, expressing different conclusions: "The military advantages and the saving of American lives achieved by the sudden use of atomic bombs against Japan may be outweighed by a wave of horror and repulsion spreading over the rest of the world."

But the scientists who were closest to the statesmen's ears had a better chance of gaining attention, and their eager arguments prevailed in the decision—aided by the enthusiasm which they had already excited in the statesmen about the atomic bomb as a quick and easy way of finishing the war. The military advisers suggested five possible targets for the two bombs that had been produced. Of these, the cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki were chosen, after consideration of the list by President Truman and Stimson, as combining military installations with "houses and other buildings most susceptible to damage."

So on August 6 the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, destroying most of the city and killing some 80,000 people—a quarter of its inhabitants. Three days later, the second bomb was dropped on Nagasaki.

The news of the dropping of the Hiroshima bomb reached President Truman as he was returning by sea from the Potsdam Conference. According to those present, he exultantly exclaimed: "This is the greatest thing in history."

Not So Effective

The effect on the Japanese Government, however, was much less than was imagined on the Western side at the time. It did not shake the three members of the council of six who had been opposed to surrendering unconditionally, and they still insisted that some assurance about the future must first be obtained, particularly as to the maintenance of the Emperor's sovereign position. As for the people of Japan, they did not know until after the war what had happened at Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Russia's declaration of war on August 8, and immediate drive into Manchuria next day, seems to have been almost as effective in hastening the issue, and the Emperor's influence still more so. For, at a meeting of the council of six in his presence on August 9, he pointed out the hopelessness of the situation so clearly, and declared himself so strongly in favour of immediate peace, that the three opponents of it became more inclined to yield. They agreed to hold a Gozenkaigi—a meeting of "elder statesmen," at which the Emperor himself could make the final decision.

Meanwhile, the government announced by radio its willingness to surrender, provided that the Emperor's sovereignty was respected — a point about which the allies' Potsdam Declaration of July 26 had been ominously silent. After some discussion, President Truman agreed to this proviso, a notable modification of of "unconditional surrender."

Even then there was much division of opinion at the Gozenkaigi, on August 14, but the Emperor resolved the issue, saying decisively: "If nobody else has any opinion to express, we would express our own. We demand that you will agree to it. We see only one way left for Japan to save herself. That is the reason we have made this determination to endure the unendurable and suffer the insufferable." So Japan's surrender was then announced and the "cease fire" sounded.

Already Beaten

The use of the atomic bomb was not really needed to produce this result.

Admiral Leahy's judgment about the needlessness of the atomic bomb is emphatic: "The use of this barbaric weapon at Hiroshima and Nagasaki was of no material assistance in our war against Japan. The Japanese were already defeated and ready to surrender because of the effective sea blockade and the successful bombing with conventional weapons."

Why, then, was the bomb used? Were there any other impelling motives beyond the instinctive desire to cut short the loss of American and British lives at the earliest possible moment?

Two reasons have emerged. One is revealed by Sir Winston Churchill himself in the account of his conference with President Truman on July 18, following the news of the successful trial of the atomic bomb. Among the thoughts that immediately came into their minds was: "We should not need the Russians. The end of the Japanese war no longer depended upon the pouring in of their armies. . . . We had no need to ask favours of them. A few days later, I minuted to Mr. Eden: 'It is quite clear that the United States do not at the present time desire Russian participation in the war against Japan.'"

Stalin's demand at Potsdam to share in the occupation of Japan was very embarrassing, and the U.S. Government was anxious to avoid such a contingency. The atomic bomb might help to solve the problem. The Russians were due to enter the war on August 8. The atomic bomb was dropped on August 6—two days ahead.

The second reason for its precipitate use at Hiroshima and Nagasaki was revealed by Admiral Leahy: "Scientists and others wanted to make this test because of the vast sums that had been spent on the project"—two billion dollars. One of the higher officers concerned in the atomic operation, the code name of which was the "Manhattan District Project," added: "The relief to everyone concerned when the bomb was dropped was enormous."

Ten years later, however, it is all too clear that the hasty dropping of the atomic bomb has not been a relief to the rest of mankind. THE END

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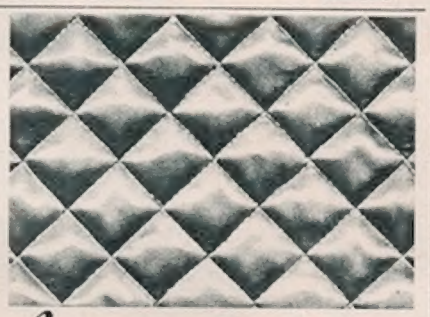

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A famous doctor has pointed out that living under modern conditions can lead to an over-stimulation of the *adrenal glands*. These tiny glands control your nervous actions. If *they* become overstrained then your whole constitution is liable to suffer—and this condition is known to the medical profession as "The Stress Concept." To help you avoid this modern illness and keep your nerves under healthy control—*that* is the role of a good tonic. That is why people are taking Phosferine, and gaining immediate benefit.

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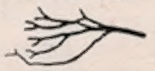
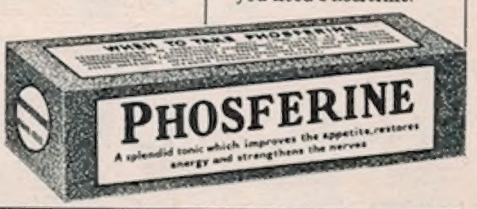
. . . your adrenal glands are over-stimulated



. . . you find that you are living on your nerves—always tired—a sign that you need Phosferine.



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BAD SKIN?

Kill germs—clear spots with new healing balm

MISS CECILIA GREEN *of Victoria Park, London, writes:* "I thought I should lose my work because of nasty spots on my face. Thank goodness I heard about Valderma. From the first application the spots started to clear and have now disappeared."

Germs under the skin cause spots. To clear the skin you must kill the germs. Scientists have now perfected an amazing balm that does this.

No single antiseptic can possibly kill the whole range of skin germs. That's why the new balm—Valderma, has TWO powerful antiseptics. These kill the germs where they breed. Then, because Valderma is non-greasy, non-clogging, the septic matter can escape. The healing action is thus complete.

Your skin becomes clear and healthy, often in a few days. At chemists: Tubes 1s. 10½d., Jars 2s. 4½d. and 3s. 11d.

(337D)

THE TRIGAMIST

Continued from page 11

notice, as he explained, to visit a sick aunt. He was going back to London that same afternoon. He bowed once more and made reluctant adieux.

When he had passed out of sight Ralph and Rose laughed loudly in relief; and Caroline and Edgar pranced upon the pavement laughing too. Even baby Elizabeth crowed and blew bubbles. There was not a happier family in all England.

At last holidays were over. Ralph was back at work. The excellent Rose, hands full of children and needlework, yet found time for her husband and his friends. Mr. Clutter sometimes visited them now. He took an intense interest in their welfare. Remembering his manners, he would from time to time drag his eyes away from Mrs. Porter.

His was a vain preoccupation. Life gives few second chances. Mr. Clutter was merely enjoying, at rare intervals, and at considerable expense and inconvenience, what he could have enjoyed every day for twopence five years before. And in 1905 he would have got a packet of ten cigarettes thrown in as well.

One evening in the City, however, Mr. Clutter came back into the bank office from a cup of tea outside looking wretched and haggard. He nodded to Ralph to come to him. He had a copy of the *Westminster Gazette* in his hand. He pointed with a shaking finger to a news item.

THE CREW AND PASSENGERS OF
S.S. AGONATIC FOUND

18 MONTHS ON LONELY ISLAND

ALL SAVED—NONE MISSING

At first the news meant nothing to Ralph.

Mr. Clutter clawed at his own beard. "Merciful heavens! Do you realize what it means, man? Mrs. Porter is a bigamist. Poor innocent child!"

With a shock, Ralph remembered. To gain time to think he gave a dull nod and walked away with the newssheet, as if in a trance. He unfolded it on his ledger and leaned over it. He could feel Mr. Clutter's hot eyes upon him.

Suddenly he was inspired. He walked steadily back to the counter and drew Mr. Clutter aside.

"I didn't intend to burden you with this, sir. But now this has turned up—well—the fact is—this fellow Robinson was a blackguard."

Mr. Clutter licked his lips.

"You see, sir, we've found out since. He already had one wife at least when he deceived Rose into going through a form of marriage."

"At least?" gasped the cashier.

"Might well be more."

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Mr. Clutter.

"Yes, indeed," went on Ralph with growing confidence. "There's one family of six in Dundee, I believe."

"What a scoundrel!"

"Yes. It's hard to believe," admitted Ralph. "But, you see, sir, as Rose wasn't in fact legally married to the fellow, the deceiver, the fact that Mr. Robinson isn't dead doesn't matter now."

"What a merciful escape!" said Mr. Clutter. "What a scoundrel!" This last remark he continued to make at intervals for some days.

And that is how a perfectly innocent Mr. Robinson came to be pushed into the harbour at Southampton in the autumn of 1910.

It is pleasant to record that Mr. Porter's career in the North-East Suburban Bank proceeded thereafter without further threat or hindrance.

The warm friendship which Mr. Clutter had conceived for what proved to be a growing family did Ralph's career much good; and, one must hasten to add, resulted in no social injury. Indeed, the time came when Mr. Porter himself was able to maintain a beard and to address the cashier familiarly as Clutters.

There remains only the dank figure of Mr. Robinson, dragged by two boathooks out of the foul dockside water, astonished and resentful. We can, it is hoped, surely assume that had he been told of the cause in which he had been thus affronted he would, after time for reflection, have been content.

Mrs. Porter's bust, able as years went on to support an increasing weight and assortment of jewellery and bric-à-brac, would surely have satisfied him as an adequate monument to his small service. THE END

TEN INVITATIONS to "Bullets"

BIRTHDAY PARTY

★ Last year's *Bullets* Party you see above. Win a big cheque and come with a companion to *this* year's celebrations!

heading PRIZES and GIFTS value over **£1,250**

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1,565 OTHER AWARDS

5 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 50 "Bullets" Seasons, 500 "Ten-Shot" Prizes, 1,000 "Good Shot" Awards and UNLIMITED GIFTS—see below

THIS WAY TO £500 and PARTY

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Buying British
In The Geneva Sunshine
Magician Bulganin
From The Earth
Brighter Football
The Space Race Is On, So
Breath Of Sanity
Policeman's Problem
On A Crowded Road
Cooking, Cleaning And
At A Distance
Smokeless Zone
Whooped For Joy
A Drink With The Boys
Going Nicely
Star Of The Party

That Marilyn Look
A Bit Thick
Slaughter Of The Innocent

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Nation That's.....
When They.....Us
.....For Nothing
If I Were A.....
Home To The.....
His Name's....., But

★ Scrambled "Example"
DEMWAPS
(2-Minute Teaser—rearrange letters to make extra one-word "Example")

CHIEF WINNERS—"BULLETS" No. 1,999

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£25: J. Glasgow, 25 Blanchland Drive, Thompson Road, Sunderland: ALL THAT PARAPHERNALIA — AND *Plain* JUSTICE, TRADITIONAL.

£10: R. E. Bentley, 6 George Crescent, London, N.10: A LONG WAY ROUND—UNLESS *Officialdom's* CHASING *You*!

OTHER AWARDS: £9: E. C. Cleaver, 20 Gairloch Road, London, S.E.5: JUST ANOTHER MONTH—THEN NATURE'S *Lovely* "LITTER." £8: E. Maxfield, 2 Gloucester Grove, London, S.E.15: TO START THE DAY—"WHACKED"—*Asking* FOR "BEATING." £7: F. G. White, 151 Heathfield Road, Hitchin: TOMORROW'S ROAD—INTO SPACE—INTO "HOLE"? £6: W. L. Hoole, 33 Sydenham Villas Road, Cheltenham: ENOUGH TO LIVE ON—GIVE "HUNGRY" FACTORIES, MINERS! £5: H. C. E. Heath, Lakefoot, 120 Hamilton Road, Reading: TO START THE DAY—DEEP BREATHING BEATS "GASPER"! £5: S. F. Riches, "Cranley," Warren Road, Leigh-on-Sea: ALL THAT PARAPHERNALIA—DOESN'T OVERAWE INSIGNIFICANT GOLFBALL! £5: J. W. Vaughan, Grove Cottages, Moor Road, Ashover, Chesterfield: ARMY OF ROBOTS — "RELIEF" — OR "FIRING SQUAD"?

For ten winners of £2 10s., see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. 50 *Bullets* Seasons, 500 "Ten-Shot" Awards and 1,000 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries 6d. per *Bullet*. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate in *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in *"Bullets" Bulletin* dated October 1 and in JOHN BULL dated October 8), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, September 24, for early news of *Bullets* No. 2,004 result.)

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" 2,004, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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EX. ..... |6d.
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I agree to rules and enclose P.O. Value..... No.....

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